

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## SLEEP ON: A DIRGE.

BASED ON THE FRENCH.

## I.

THE daisies prank thy grassy grave ;  
 Above, the dark pine-branches wave :  
 Sleep on.  
 Below, the merry runnel sings,  
 And swallows sweep with glancing wings :  
 Sleep on, Marie, sleep on.

## II.

Some whisper words of doubt and shame,  
 Or, lightly laughing, breathe thy name :  
 Sleep on.  
 Slander may never harm thee now,  
 God's gentle hand upon thy brow :  
 Sleep on, Marie, sleep on.

## III.

Calm as a summer sea at rest,  
 Thy meek hands folded on thy breast,  
 Sleep on ;  
 Hushed into stillness life's sharp pain,  
 Nought but the pattering of the rain :  
 Sleep on, Marie, sleep on.

Gentleman's Magazine. JOHN H. DAVIES.

## SPRING SHOWERS.

SWEET is the swart earth  
 After the April rain ;  
 It will give the violets birth,  
 And quicken the grass in the plain.

The woodlands are dim — with dreams  
 Of the region they lately have left ;  
 Like man and his thoughts of Eden —  
 Of something of which he's bereft.

The stars they have left their veils  
 On the everlasting hills ;  
 And angels have trodden the dales,  
 And spirits have touched the rills.

And truths to be seen and heard,  
 Say love has made all things his own ;  
 He reigns in the breast of the bird,  
 And has made the earth's bosom his throne.

The pansies peep by the brook,  
 And the primrose is pure in the sun ;

The world wears a heavenly look,  
 Man's spirit and nature are one.

The cottage that glints through the trees,  
 And the moss-cushioned, lilac-plumed wall,  
 The woodland, and emerald leas,  
 Are touched with the spirit of all.

Chambers' Journal.

## THE TOMB AND THE ROSE.

TRANSLATION, FROM VICTOR HUGO.

THE tomb asked of the rose :  
 " What dost thou with the tears, which dawn  
 Sheds on thee every summer morn,  
 Thou sweetest flower that blows ?"  
 The rose asked of the tomb :  
 " What dost thou with the treasures rare,  
 Thou hidest deep from light and air,  
 Until the day of doom ?"

The rose said : " Home of night,  
 Deep in my bosom, I distil  
 Those pearly tears to scents, that fill  
 The senses with delight."  
 The tomb said : " Flower of love,  
 I make of every treasure rare,  
 Hidden so deep from light and air,  
 A soul for heaven above !"

Chambers' Journal.

A. J. M.

## SONNET.

OFt let me wander hand-in-hand with Thought  
 In woodland paths and lone sequestered  
 shades,  
 What time the sunny banks and mossy glades,  
 With dewy wreaths of early violets wrought,  
 Into the air their fragrant incense fling,  
 To greet the triumph of the youthful spring.  
 Lo, where she comes ! 'scaped from the icy  
 lair  
 Of hoary winter ; wanton, free, and fair !  
 Now smile the heavens again upon the earth ;  
 Bright hill and bosky dell resound with mirth ;  
 And voices full of laughter and wild glee  
 Shout through the air pregnant with harmony,  
 And wake poor sobbing Echo, who replies  
 With sleeping voice, that softly, slowly dies.

Chambers' Journal.

From The Quarterly Review.

HARRIET MARTINEAU'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.\*

IT was told of a distinguished gentleman of the last generation that, on leaving the university, he was thus addressed by the head of his college: "Mr. —, the tutors think highly of you: your fellow-students think highly of you: I think highly of you, but nobody thinks so highly of you as you think of yourself." Miss Martineau might have been somewhat similarly addressed in the first flush of her celebrity. She had achieved a decided and well-merited success: she was cordially welcomed by the *élite* of the cultivated class: her acquaintance was eagerly sought by many persons of eminence: the reading public thought highly, her personal friends very highly, of her: but her elated estimate of her position and budding honors, as recorded in her "Autobiography," will be read by the most admiring of her contemporaries with a mixture of wonder and regret. It recalls the story of the senior wrangler fresh from the Senate House, who, entering a theatre at the same time with royalty, fancied that the audience were standing up to do him honor. She writes as if the appearance of her "Illustrative Tales" had formed an epoch in history: as if the greatest discoveries of the age had been that the didactic method of inculcating knowledge was altogether a mistake: that political economy in particular could be only efficiently taught through the medium of fiction, and that the appropriate sort of fiction could only be supplied by the discoverer. She plainly gives us to believe, if she does not say it in so many words, that, like Byron on the publication of "Childe Harold," she awoke one fine morning and found herself famous: that she became at once the observed of all observers, the glass of fashion, if not exactly the mould of form: that the republic of letters received her with acclamation: that the political world was stirred and agitated to its inmost depths by her advent, like the pool of

Bethesda when the healing influence came down.

"If all this," said Johnson, speaking of Garrick's triumphs, "had happened to me, I should have had a couple of fellows with long poles walking before me, to knock down everybody that stood in the way." Miss Martineau must have needed some escort of the kind. She tells us that she could neither stay at home nor stir abroad without being besieged or mobbed by lion-hunters, waylaid by publishers, worried by legislators, or persecuted by philanthropists. A great noble, the Mæcenas of the period, whom she deliberately snubbed, is punished for what she deems his ill-bred persistency in intruding on her, by having an enduring mark of reproach set against his name. At an evening party she had no alternative but to ensconce herself behind a folding-door, where she could only be approached in single file by statesmen and philosophers competing for a turn at her ear-trumpet.

"Here is my throne; let kings come bow to it," exclaims Lady Constance, as she throws herself on the ground. "Here is *my* throne," was the secret thought if not the exclamation of Miss Martineau when she settled in Fluyder Street, and received (she states) the homage of three crowned heads in the shape of pressing requests, or unlimited orders, for her works.

The mock triumph proposed by Peter Plymley for Canning was that he should ride up and down Pall Mall, glorious upon a white horse, and that they cry out before him, "Thus shall it be done to the statesman who hath written 'The Needy Knife-grinder' and the 'German Play.'" There were moods in which Miss Martineau would have seen no mockery in the suggestion that she should be led in triumph, and that they cry out before her, "Thus shall it be done to the authoress who has written 'Poor-laws and Paupers Illustrated,' and 'Illustrations of Political Economy.'"

This exalted mood, although it sobered down before she died, permanently colored her impressions of men, manners, and modes of thought; and it must be kept steadily in mind in weighing her opinions

\* *Harriet Martineau's Autobiography*. With Memorials by Maria Weston Chapman. In Three Volumes. London, 1877.

of her contemporaries or her reflections on society. But we are far from blaming the sense of importance which led her to feel, as she felt from youth upwards, that it was one of the duties of her life to write her biography. In the introduction, dated Ambleside, March 1855, she says:—

When my life became evidently a somewhat remarkable one, the obligation presented itself more strongly to my conscience: and when I made up my mind to interdict the publication of my private letters, the duty became unquestionable. For thirteen or fourteen years it has been more or less a weight on my mind that the thing was not done. Twice in my life I made a beginning: once in 1831, and again about ten years later, during my long illness at Tynemouth: but both attempts stopped short at an early period, answering no other purpose than preserving some facts of my childhood which I might otherwise have forgotten.

Later on, she repeatedly told her most intimate friends that she could not die in peace till this work was done; and on New Year's Day, 1855, she said to herself that the year must not close without her having recorded the story of her life.

Two or three weeks more settled the business. Feeling very unwell, I went to London to obtain a medical opinion in regard to my health. Two able physicians informed me that I had a mortal disease, which might spare me some considerable space of life, but which might, as likely as not, destroy me at any moment. No doubt could remain after this as to what my next employment should be: and as soon after my return home as I had settled my business with my executor, I began this autobiography.

She finished it so far as it goes within the year; then printed it off, and kept it by her without alteration or addition till her death. The publishers' advertisement runs thus:—

The first two volumes of *this edition* of Miss Martineau's Autobiography were printed by her twenty years ago, and are issued as printed, in accordance with her express instructions.

The first two volumes of the publication contain the whole of the autobiography; there is no other edition that we know of. The third volume is exclusively occupied by Mrs. Chapman's memorials.

Miss Martineau begins with her infancy; but believers in blood and race will attach more weight than she seemingly attaches to the concluding paragraph of her introduction:—

I have only to say further, in the way of introduction, a word or two as to my descent and parentage. On occasion of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1688, a surgeon of the name of Martineau, and a family of the name of Pierre, crossed the Channel, and settled, with other Huguenot refugees, in England. My ancestor married a young lady of the Pierre family, and settled in Norwich, where his descendants afforded a succession of surgeons up to my own day. My eminent uncle, Mr. Philip Meadows Martineau, and my eldest brother, who died before the age of thirty, were the last Norwich surgeons of the name. My grandfather, who was one of the honorable series, died at the age of forty-two, of a fever caught among his poor patients. He left a large family, of whom my father was the youngest. When established as a Norwich manufacturer, my father married Elizabeth Rankin, the eldest daughter of a sugar-refiner at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. My father and mother had eight children, of whom I was the sixth: and I was born on the 12th of June, 1802.

Her infantine impressions, after being long in abeyance, were revived in an inexpressible way—"as by a flash of lightning over a far horizon in the night." Her recollection goes back to feelings excited by events which must have happened when she was not more than eighteen months old. She was almost starved to death in the first weeks of her life by a wet-nurse, who, to keep her place, concealed the failure of her milk. "My bad health during my whole childhood and youth, and even my deafness, was always ascribed by my mother to this." Her nervous system was terribly shattered; and she suffered agonies from the commonest sights and sounds. "The starlight sky was the worst; it was always coming down, to stifle and crush me, and rest upon my head." She had no dread of thieves or ghosts, but the beating of feather-beds at a distance, the dull shock, with the want of correspondence between the striking of the blow and the arrival of the sound, made her heart stand still. Her sufferings



and peculiarities passed unnoticed by her parents, and she thinks that "a little more of the cheerful tenderness which was then thought bad for children would have saved her from her worst faults and a world of suffering." Her hostess and nurse at the cottage where she was sent for change of air, was a Methodist or "melancholy Calvinist of some sort."

The family story about me was that I came home the absurdest little preacher of my years (between two and three) that ever was. I used to nod my head emphatically, and say, "Never ky for tyfles:" "Dooty fust and pleasure afterwards," and so forth: and I sometimes got courage to edge up to strangers, and ask them to give me — "a maxim." Almost before I could join letters, I got some sheets of paper, and folded them into a little square book, and wrote, in double lines, two or three in a page, my beloved maxims. I believe this was my first effort at book-making. It was probably what I picked up at Carleton that made me so intensely religious as I certainly was from a very early age. The religion was of a bad sort enough, as might be expected from the urgency of my needs; but I doubt whether I could have got through without it.

It certainly was not of the best sort, although quite as good as what she eventually adopted in the place of it.

While I was afraid of everybody I saw, I was not in the least afraid of God. Being usually very unhappy, I was constantly longing for heaven, and seriously and very frequently planning suicide in order to get there. I was sure that suicide would not stand in the way of my getting there. I knew it was considered a crime; but I did not feel it so. I had a devouring passion for justice; justice, first to my own precious self, and then to other oppressed people. Justice was precisely what was least understood in our house, in regard to servants and children.

She describes her temper at this early age (five) as "downright devilish." She declares she had no self-respect — the quality for which she was pre-eminent in after-life — and that her capacity for jealousy was something frightful. Her notions of the circulating medium, also, give small promise of the future writer on currency.

I suspect I have had a narrow escape of being an eminent miser. . . . The very sight of silver and copper was transporting to me,

without any thought of its use. I stood and looked long at money, as it lay in my hand.

Mr. Bright is well known to have been from youth upwards an unremitting reader of Milton, who is to him what Homer and Dante are to Mr. Gladstone. Macaulay knew "Paradise Lost" by heart;\* but Miss Martineau's devotion to the sublime poet's masterpiece is, we believe, without a parallel in a child.

When I was seven years old, — the winter after our return from Newcastle, — I was kept from chapel one Sunday afternoon by some ailment or other. When the house-door closed behind the chapel-goers, I looked at the books on the table. The ugliest-looking of them was turned down open; and my turning it up was one of the leading incidents of my life. That plain, clumsy, calf-bound volume was "Paradise Lost;" and the common bluish paper, with its old-fashioned type, became as a scroll out of heaven to me. The first thing I saw was "Argument," which I took to mean a dispute, and supposed to be stupid enough: but there was something about Satan cleaving Chaos, which made me turn to the poetry; and my mental destiny was fixed for the next seven years. That volume was henceforth never to be found but by asking me for it, till a young acquaintance made me a present of a little Milton of my own. In a few months, I believe there was hardly a line in "Paradise Lost" that I could not have instantly turned to. I sent myself to sleep by repeating it: and when my curtains were drawn back in the morning, descriptions of heavenly light rushed into my memory.

From her eleventh to her thirteenth year, she attended a school kept by a Unitarian minister, where she learned Latin and French and obtained considerable proficiency in English composition, of which her master reminded her when she became celebrated as a writer. At this school, in her twelfth year, attention was first attracted to her deafness, which grew fixed and incurable before she was sixteen.

\* One evening at Edinburgh, Jeffrey betted a copy of "Paradise Lost" with Macaulay as to a line of the poem. The next morning Macaulay called with a handsomely-bound copy. "There," he said, "is your book: I have lost; but I have read it through once more, and I will now make you another bet that I can repeat the whole." Jeffrey took him at his word, and put him on in passage after passage without finding him once at fault. *Ex relations* Lord Jeffrey.

She was born without the sense of smell. It would seem also that her sight was imperfect, for she gives as an instance of "that inability to see what one is looking for," her inability to see the comet of 1811.

Night after night, the whole family of us went up to the long windows at the top of my father's warehouse; and the exclamations on all hands about the comet perfectly exasperated me — because I could not see it! "Why, there it is!" "It is as big as a saucer." "It is as big as a cheese-plate." "Nonsense; you might as well pretend not to see the moon." Such were the mortifying comments on my grudging admission that I could not see the comet. And I never did see it. Such is the fact; and philosophers may make of it what they may, — remembering that I was then nine years old, and with remarkably good eyes.

In her eighteenth year we find her translating Tacitus and Petrarch, and deep in the study of Hartley and Priestley, which resulted in her becoming a firm believer in their doctrine of necessity. The theological opinions which she habitually professed have been so uniformly condemned in this journal that we are fortunately relieved from the necessity of commenting on them, and we shall merely note the phases of belief or unbelief through which she passed as steps or stages of intellectual progress. One of the most important, as bearing both on her future career and the constitution of her mind, was her scornful rejection of her inherited creed, the Unitarian, as equally unsatisfactory to reason and to faith. This was the more marked, because in 1830-1831 she competed for and won the three prizes given by the Unitarian Association for three essays on Unitarianism, respectively addressed to Catholics, Jews, and Mohammedans, with a view to their conversion.

There are the papers: and I hereby declare that I considered them my best production, and expected they would outlive everything else I had written or should write. I was, in truth, satisfied that they were very fine writing, and believed it for long after — little aware that the time could ever come when I should write them down, as I do now, to be morbid, fantastical, and therefore unphilosophical and untrue. I cannot wonder that it did not occur to the Unitarians (as far as they thought of me at all) that I was really not of them, at the time that I had picked up their gauntlet, and assumed their championship. If it did not occur to me, no wonder it did not to them. But the clear-sighted among them might and should have seen, by the evidence of those essays themselves, that I was one of those merely nominal Christians who refuse whatever they

see to be impossible, absurd, or immoral in the scheme or the records of Christianity, and pick out and appropriate what they like, or interpolate it with views, desires, and imaginations of their own. I had already ceased to be an Unitarian in the technical sense.

At length, I hope and believe my old co-religionists understand and admit that I disclaim their theology *in toto*, and that by no twisting of language or darkening of its meanings can I be made out to have anything whatever in common with them about religious matters. I perceive that they do not at all understand my views or the grounds of them, or the road to them: but they will not deny that I understand theirs, — chosen expositor as I was of them in the year 1831; and they must take my word for it that there is nothing in common between their theology and my philosophy.

We are here anticipating. Her first appearance in print was a letter to the *Monthly Repository*, a Unitarian magazine, in 1821. It was read by her brother, not knowing it to be hers, with a warm expression of admiration in her presence. On her avowing it, he laid his hand on her shoulder and (calling her "dear" for the first time) said: "Now, dear, leave it to other women to make shirts and darn stockings; and do you devote yourself to this." Some years were to elapse before she was at liberty to act upon this advice; and a succession of small successes, although clearly indicative of her powers, produced no corresponding change in her prospects or position. In 1826, age 24, occurred the most important event in her, in every woman's, life: an experience, without which (as in Macaulay's case) a wide range of passion and sentiment would have been as an unknown land.

Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,  
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

She loved, was beloved and (to use her own expression) virtually engaged; when her betrothed "became suddenly insane, and, after months of illness of body and mind, died." Although the trial was severe, and "the beauty of his goodness" remained lastingly impressed on her, she thinks that it was happiest for both that the union was prevented by any means.

I am, in truth, very thankful for not having married at all. I have never since been tempted, nor have suffered anything at all in relation to that matter which is held to be all-important to woman, — love and marriage. Nothing, I mean, beyond occasional annoyance, presently disposed of. *Every literary woman, no doubt, has plenty of importunity of*

that sort to deal with; but freedom of mind and coolness of manner dispose of it very easily, and since the time I have been speaking of, my mind has been wholly free from all idea of love-affairs.

We were not aware that literary ladies were so peculiarly exposed to this description of danger, although the French have a maxim (based on such examples as Madame du Chatelet): "*Une femme savante est toujours galante.*" At all events, Miss Martineau gained the invaluable schooling of the heart. To this schooling are owing many fine touches in her tales: without it she could hardly have written "*Deerbrook.*"

In 1827, age 25, she wrote a short story, called "*The Rioters,*" and its success was such that some hosiers and lacemakers of Derby and Nottingham sent her a request to write a tale on the subject of wages, which she did, calling it "*The Turn Out.*" This led to further dealings with the provincial publisher; for whom, she says, she wrote a good many tracts which he sold for a penny, and for which he gave her a sovereign apiece. It was in the autumn of 1827 that she took up Mrs. Marcet's "*Conversations on Political Economy,*" lent to her sister, to see what political economy principles were, and great was her surprise to find that she had been teaching them unawares. It struck her at once that the principles of the whole science might be conveyed in the same way, and, as she read on, the views and design which she afterwards developed and carried out dawned upon her:—

During that reading, groups of personages rose up from the pages, and a procession of action glided through its arguments, as afterwards from the pages of Adam Smith and all the other Economists. I mentioned my notion, I remember, when we were sitting at work, one bright afternoon at home. Brother James nodded assent; my mother said, "Do it;" and we went to tea, unconscious what a great thing we had done since dinner.

Although constantly cramped for want of money, her family had discouraged her adopting authorship as a profession for fear of compromising their gentility, and she was driven to do her writing upon the sly till June 1829; when the old Norwich firm, from which all their income was derived, broke, and the question arose, what was she to do, "with her deafness precluding both music and governing?" Strange to say, there was still so little demand for her writings, that during two years she lived on fifty pounds a year, most of which was earned with her needle.

She wrote some stories and carried them to London herself; but although a volume of them, "*Traditions of Palestine,*" now ranks amongst the best of her works, the publishers received her as the great French publisher received Lucien in the "*Grand Homme de Province,*" of Balzac: "*On n'entre ici qu'avec une réputation faite. Devenez célèbre, et vous y trouverez des flots d'or. . . . Je ne suis pas ici pour être le marchepied des gloires à venir, mais pour gagner de l'argent et pour en donner aux hommes célèbres.*" She says that, having no literary acquaintance or connection, she could not get anything she wrote even looked at; so that everything went to the "*Repository*" at last.

I do not mean that any amount of literary connection would necessarily have been of any service to me; for I do not believe that "patronage," "introductions," and the like are of any avail, in a general way. I know this; that I have always been anxious to extend to young or struggling authors the sort of aid which would have been so precious to me in that winter of 1829-1830, and that, in above twenty years, I have never succeeded but once. I obtained the publication of "*The Two Old Men's Tales,*"—the first of Mrs. Marsh's novels; but, from the time of my own success to this hour, every other attempt, of the scores I have made, to get a hearing for young or new aspirants has failed. My own heart was often very near sinking,—as were my bodily forces; and with reason. During the daylight hours of that winter, I was poring over fine fancy-work, by which alone I earned any money; and after tea, I went up-stairs to my room, for my day's literary labor.

Her prize-money, forty-five guineas, gave a timely respite from pressing care if not from labor, and in the autumn of 1831, we find her with all her powers concentrated on her "*Political Economy Series.*"

I was resolved that, in the first place, the thing should be done. *The people wanted the book; and they should have it.* Next I resolved to sustain my health under the suspense, if possible, by keeping up a mood of steady determination, and unflinching hope. Next, I resolved never to lose my temper, in the whole course of the business. I knew I was right; and people who are aware that they are in the right need never lose temper.

The third resolution was severely tested, and no one ever suffered more from the sickening pang of hope deferred. The time was inauspicious.

I wrote to two or three publishers from Dublin, opening my scheme; but one after another declined having anything to do with it, on the ground of the disturbed state of the public mind, which afforded no encourage-

ment to put out new books. The bishops had recently thrown out the Reform Bill; and everybody was watching the progress of the cholera, — then regarded with as much horror as a plague of the Middle Ages.

Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock requested her to take London on her way from Ireland to Norwich, and made an appointment which she attended with a beating heart.

Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock sat superb in their armchairs, in their brown wigs, looking as cautious as possible, but relaxing visibly under the influence of my confidence. My cousin said that, in their place, he should have felt my confidence a sufficient guarantee, — so fully as I assigned the grounds of it: and Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock seemed to be nearly of the same mind, though they brought out a long string of objections, beginning with my proposed title, and ending with the Reform Bill and the cholera.

The advertisement they put out as a feeler attracted no notice, and after keeping her some time longer in suspense, they wrote to say that considering the public excitement they could not venture.

Here was the whole work to begin again, I stifled my sighs, and swallowed my tears, and wrote to one publisher after another, receiving instant refusals from all, except Messrs. Whittaker. They kept up the negotiation for a few posts, but at length joined the general chorus about the Reform Bill and the cholera.

The upshot is that the only publisher who could be induced to incur the risk, was a young one without business or connection, the brother of her Unitarian friend, Fox, with whom she came to terms which practically reduced his risk to a minimum. The work was to be published by subscription, and five hundred subscribers were to be procured before the printing began: he was to have half the profits, besides commission; and the agreement was to cease at the end of any five numbers at the wish of either party. She managed somehow or other to get subscribers, but the greater number of them were relatives or friends who subscribed out of kindness, and deemed the money thrown away. One foggy morning she called on Mr. Fox to show him a prospectus.

I found Mr. Fox in a mood as gloomy as the day. He had seen Mr. James Mill, who had assured him that my method of exemplification — the grand principle of the whole scheme — could not possibly succeed; and Mr. Fox now required me to change my plan entirely, and issue my "Political Economy" in a didactic form! Of course, I re-

fused. He started a multitude of objections, — feared everything and hoped nothing. I saw, with anguish and no little resentment, my last poor chance slipping from me. I commanded myself while in his presence. The occasion was too serious to be misused. I said to him, "I see you have taken fright. If you wish that your brother should draw back, say so now. Here is the advertisement. Make up your mind before it goes to press." He replied, "I do not wish altogether to draw back." "Yes, you do," said I: "and I had rather you would say so at once. But I tell you this: the people want this book, and they *shall* have it."

The interview ends by his assenting to the issue of the advertisement, clogged with the additional stipulation that his brother should give up at the end of two numbers, unless they sold a thousand in a fortnight. On her walk back to the friend's house at which she was staying, she became too giddy to stand without support; and she leaned over some dirty palings, pretending to look at a cabbage-bed, but saying to herself, as she stood with closed eyes, "My book will do yet." This may be bracketed with the "*E pur si muove*" of Galileo, and the "I have it in me and, by God, it shall come out!" — of Sheridan.

I wrote the preface to my "Illustrations of Political Economy" that evening; and I hardly think that any one would discover from it that I had that day sunk to the lowest point of discouragement about my scheme. — At eleven o'clock, I sent the servants to bed. I finished the preface just after the brewery clock had struck two. I was chilly and hungry: the lamp burned low, and the fire was small. I knew it would not do to go to bed, to dream over again the bitter disappointment of the morning. I began now, at last, to doubt whether my work would ever see the light. *I thought of the multitudes who needed it — and especially of the poor — to assist them in managing their own welfare.* I thought too of my own conscious power of doing this very thing.

The only bit of encouragement she received was on the Sunday preceding the publication, when the publisher wrote to say that he had a bookseller's order for a hundred copies.

To the best of my recollection, I waited ten days from the day of publication, before I had another line from the publisher. My mother, judging from his ill-humor, inferred that he had good news to tell: whereas I supposed the contrary. My mother was right, and I could now be amused at his last attempts to be discouraging in the midst of splendid success. At the end of those ten days, he sent with his letter a copy of my first number, desiring me to make with all speed any corrections I might



wish to make, as he had scarcely any copies left. He added that the demand led him to propose that we should now print two thousand. A postscript informed me that since he wrote the above, he had found that we should want three thousand. A second postscript proposed four thousand, and a third five thousand. The letter was worth having, now it had come. There was immense relief in this; but I remember nothing like intoxication; like any painful reaction whatever. I remember walking up and down the grassplot in the garden (I think it was on the 10th of February) feeling that my cares were over.

The entire periodical press, daily, weekly, and, as soon as possible, monthly, came out in my favor; and I was overwhelmed with newspapers and letters, containing every sort of flattery. The Diffusion Society wanted to have the series now; and Mr. Hume offered, on behalf of a new society of which he was the head, any price I would name for the purchase of the whole. I cannot precisely answer for the date of these and other applications; but, as far as I remember, there was, from the middle of February onwards, no remission of such applications, the meanest of which I should have clutched at a few weeks before. Members of Parliament sent down blue-books through the post-office, to the astonishment of the postmaster, who one day sent word that I must send for my own share of the mail, for it could not be carried without a barrow; an announcement which, spreading in the town, caused me to be stared at in the streets. Thus began *that* sort of experience. Half the hobbies of the House of Commons, and numberless notions of individuals, anonymous and other, were commended to me for treatment in my series, with which some of them had no more to do than geometry or the atomic theory.

To what was this success owing? Was she right in believing, intuitively and instinctively, that she was obeying a popular call, and that her work would be hailed by the multitude who needed it to assist them in managing their own welfare? Was it so hailed by the multitude? Is it not "caviare to the general" to this hour? The circulation extended little if at all beyond the cultivated class. The monthly sale of the series never exceeded six or seven thousand. The monthly sale of the "Pickwick Papers," prior to the conclusion, exceeded forty-five thousand. Writing, shortly before her death, in the third person, and assuming the tone of an impartial critic, she says:—

The original idea of exhibiting the great natural laws of society, by a series of pictures of selected social action, was a fortunate one; and her tales initiated a multitude of minds into the conception of what political economy

is and of how it concerns everybody living in society. Beyond this, there is no merit of a high order in the work. The artistic aim and qualifications were absent: she had no power of dramatic construction: nor the poetic inspiration, on the one hand, nor critical cultivation, on the other, without which no work of the imagination can be worthy to live.\*

We have arrived at a diametrically opposite conclusion. There was little originality in the idea of exhibiting the natural laws of society in action. It was a short and easy leap from "Evenings at Home," or Miss Edgeworth's "Moral Tales" to "Illustrations of Political Economy." But the utility is more important than the originality; and we have yet to learn that any appreciable amount of scientific knowledge was or could be diffused by her writings. At the same time she does herself less than justice in disclaiming artistic skill and dramatic power. She excels in situation, description, and character. She is far from wanting in sentiment, elevation of thought, or poetic fancy, although it may fall short of inspiration. Above all, her best stories please as stories, and lead us on with unabated interest to the end. They have points in common with the sensational school; and this was their real attraction for the mass of readers, who read for amusement. But the primary and essential cause of her success was the state of the national mind when she came out.

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him who hears it." The reception of a book equally depends on the predisposition of the public to which it is addressed. One example amongst many may suffice. In the autumn and winter of 1870-71, during the siege of Paris, the feeling of sympathy with the French grew so strong that many thought the time had come for England to interpose with effect. This feeling found expression in a *brochure*, entitled "The Fight at Dame Europa's School, showing how the German Boy thrashed the French Boy, and the English Boy looked on." There are five monitors who have each a garden. The English boy's is an island on which he has a workshop; and the French boy's comprises an arbor in which he regales his friends with grapes and champagne. The moral is drawn and pointed by the dame, who on hearing of the fight, tells the English boy that he is a sneaking, cowardly fellow for remaining neutral. Nothing could be less

\* The *Daily News*, June 29th, 1876. The article appeared in the shape of an obituary notice.

like a dame's school. The allegory is incongruous and ill-sustained, and the moral doubtful at best. Yet more than a hundred thousand copies were sold within three months.

The solution is that a responsive chord had been struck. Miss Martineau was similarly fortunate in finding the required train laid ready to her hand. The Reform Bill and the cholera, instead of being her worst enemies, were her best friends. They had made people serious, and created a taste for grave subjects. The utilitarian philosophy, better represented than it has ever been since, was gaining ground. The political economists were in vogue. The names of Malthus, Macculloch, Ricardo, Jeremy Bentham, James Mill, John Stuart Mill, were familiar as household terms. Young gentlemen and ladies, who wished to pass for clever, were expected to be well up in "Mrs. Marcet's Conversations," if they went no deeper. The popular tone and tendency were marked enough to supply a telling topic for the satirist:—

'Tis my fortune to know a lean Benthamite spinster,

A maid, who her faith in old Jeremy puts :  
Who talks, with a lisp, of the last new *Westminster*,

And hopes you're delighted with "Mill upon Gluts."\*

There is always action and reaction in these cases. But Miss Martineau certainly did not create the taste for political economy if she promoted it; and one branch, the Malthusian theory, was just then attracting an amount of interest which no fiction could enhance. It was whilst she was meditating her plan that the abuses of the old system of poor-laws had reached their acme and were felt to be unendurable. "In 1832 was seen the phenomenon of whole parishes of fertile land being abandoned, the landlords giving up their rents, the farmers the tenancy, the clergyman his glebe and the tithes. We find the paupers assembled and refusing to accept of the offer of the whole land of the parish, avowing that they liked the present system better. . . . In a period of great general prosperity, that portion of England in which by much the largest expenditure of poor-rates had been made, was the scene of daily riot and nightly incendiarism."†

After an appalling picture of the condi-

tion of England when the series began, Mrs. Chapman remarks:—

The public action of this period directly to be traced to Harriet Martineau's political influence may be seen in the Reform songs, sung with uncovered heads by what were called the "monster meetings,"—the immense assemblages of the people that in 1831 shook the kingdom into a speedy but pacific and constitutional reform in 1832.

We shall next be told that Catholic emancipation, the repeal of the Test Acts, and the reform of the criminal law, were owing to her. In the same spirit of exaggeration this lady proceeds:—

Persons of the highest intelligence, literary cultivation, and religiously trained thought, like Sara Coleridge, took such a mistaken and merely literary view of the matter as this:—

"What a pity it is, that, with all her knowledge of child-nature, she (Miss M——) should try to persuade herself and others that political economy is a fit and useful study for growing minds and limited capabilities,—a subject of all others requiring matured intellect and general information as its basis! This same political economy which quickens the sale of her works now, will, I think, prove heavy ballast for a vessel that is to sail down the stream of time. . . . And she might have rivalled Miss Edgeworth! . . . And then, what practical benefit can such studies have for the mass of the people for whom, it seems, that Miss M—— intends her expositions?"

We go further than Sara (Mrs. Henry Nelson) Coleridge. What a pity it is that Miss Martineau should have tried to persuade herself and others that political economy, considered as a science, is a fit subject for fiction! Let us test this, as well as the amount of solid instruction she diffused, by a brief reference to her tales. The first of the series, entitled, "Life in the Wilds," is the story of a party of settlers at the Cape, who are reduced to the verge of destitution by an inroad of the Bushmen. They have little left beyond the clothes upon their backs and a few tools. The three best heads amongst them consult, and take the conduct of affairs. All are forced to work: the product of well-directed labor accumulates into capital, and a tolerable amount of well-being is restored; the various stages of the process are noted as it goes on; and the precise difference between productive and unproductive labor, as well as the exact nature of capital and wealth, are made clear to the uninitiated. There is nothing new, and nothing applicable to England, in showing how people ought to act in such circumstances; and the reader

\* Moore, "Ode to the Sublime Porte." Written prior to Miss Martineau's appearance on the stage.

† Encyclopædia Britannica, Art. "Poor Laws."



acquires about the same amount of science, communicated in much the same way, as M. Jourdain had acquired of language when he found that he had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it.

And all a rhetorician's rules  
Teach nothing but to name his tools.

So far as the teaching of scientific terms goes, the "Loves of the Triangles" might pass for a lesson in mathematics.

The second tale, "The Hill and the Valley," presents some well-drawn characters, male and female, and some striking scenes. That in which Paul makes good his defence of the building till the swords of the military are seen flashing amongst the assailants, may be placed alongside the spirited defence of the Irish country-house in "Guy Livingstone," or the scene in "Guy Mannering" when the prison is on fire. But the political-economy lesson is compressed into a speech, which one of the partners addresses to a riotous assembly of work-people, on whom it has the same effect which it would produce on a similar assembly at this hour; the purport of it being that the laborer and the capitalist are embarked in the same boat, and must sink or swim together. If the laboring class have not arrived at this conclusion from their personal experience of "strikes" with the attendant deprivations; their opinions and conduct will hardly be influenced by reading (if they read) these deprivations as set forth in a tale.

The third tale is open to an additional and graver objection. It is an instance of the almost inevitable abuse of fiction when employed for such purposes. It is the story of the enclosure of a common; and the moral is that enclosures are to be encouraged as adding to production, making no account of the disturbance of habits or the loss of healthful recreation for the neighborhood. Incidentally, she discountsenances small holdings, including peasant proprietors, by drawing a melancholy picture of a small proprietor who refuses to part with his field. Now these are debatable questions, on which the commoners of Plumstead and the advocates of peasant-proprietorship (like John Stuart Mill) would have a word or two to say. It is an idle mockery to talk of science when the palpable object is to advance a one-sided view. Science defines and generalizes; fiction invents and colors; science deals with the abstract, fiction with the concrete. Principles should be deduced from actual facts or incidents; not facts or incidents be fancied or moulded

to suit principles. Moreover, if we resort to fiction and appeal to sentiment, it is far from clear that political economy will be the gainer upon the whole. No artistic representation of prosperity resulting from "Clearings" will outweigh the exquisite lament in "The Deserted Village" over the "humble happiness" that had been ruthlessly sacrificed to wealth:—

Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene

Liv'd in each look, and brightened all the green:

These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

The material advance of a country is like the car of Juggernaut: it destroys, crushes, maims, and mangles, as it moves on; and the individual sufferings of the victims afford better materials for romance than the general good. Nothing would be easier than to compose a tale to discredit any marked step in social progress or any sweeping measure of improvement; for example, to represent a community which had thriven on protected industry suddenly ruined by free-trade, or the interesting family of an inn-keeper or stage-coach proprietor reduced to poverty by a railroad. The tables might be turned against the population-principle by contrasting a testy old bachelor or crabbed old maid "doom'd to a lone and loveless bed," with a young couple, poor but happy, blest with a brace of babies and looking hopefully forward to a full quiver. Or what fiction would outweigh the positive fact of Lord Eldon's marriage in his twenty-second year with a beautiful girl, neither having a sixpence of their own, and the utter falsification of the Newcastle prophecy: "Jack Scott has run off with Bessy Surtees, and the poor lad is undone"? The marriage supplied the very stimulant to exertion which he wanted, and the result confirmed the advice of Thurlow (some say Kenyon) to a law-student, "Spend your own fortune, marry, and spend your wife's, and then you will have some chance of succeeding in the law."

One of Miss Martineau's tales was written to enforce Macculloch's doctrine that absenteeism is no injury to Ireland. It was preceded by "The Absentee" of Miss Edgeworth, who, so far at least as popular effect is concerned, has clearly the best of the argument. The visit *incog.* of Lord Colambre (the heir apparent) to the paternal estates brings to light a host of abuses which a resident landlord might have prevented or set right. Neither

Macculloch nor Miss Martineau appear to have made much impression on the people most interested in the argument. Not long since an orator at a public meeting in Ireland, admitting the evil, was expatiating on the diminished number of absentees, when he was interrupted by the indignant protest: "Diminished, sir, why the whole country's full of them!"

In the *Edinburgh Review* of my "Political Economy Series" (says Miss Martineau) — a review otherwise as weak as it is kind — there is the best appreciation of the principle of the work that I have seen anywhere; a page or so of perfect understanding of my view and purpose.

On turning to this page, we find that, as a preliminary and indispensable condition, "she merely stipulates that she will allow political economy to be talked by people, and under circumstances, where it was never talked before;" in other words, that since it is incongruous and out of place in ordinary conversation, she shall be allowed to drag it in head and shoulders at the risk (or rather certainty) of bringing the action of the tale to a dead stop, or to put it into the mouths of her *dramatis personæ* when it is completely out of keeping with the characters. This is precisely what she has done in "Ella of Garveloch," perhaps the best of her stories, where the action is suspended to introduce an explanation of the Ricardo theory of rent!

We (of the *Quarterly*) are spared the humiliating imputation of weakness bordering on imbecility, cast on our distinguished contemporary; but five or six pages of bitter censure and reproach are levelled at us in the "Autobiography," to say nothing of Mrs. Chapman's downright assertion, that "Mr. Lockhart, as the editor of the *Tory Quarterly*, disgraced himself and the review by an utter want of decency and honesty."

'Tis a pity when charming women

Talk of things that they don't understand.

All that is said by both these ladies touching the article in question is simply a specimen of the *gobemoucherie* to which both of them were prone, e.g. in the "Autobiography:" —

Mr. Croker had declared at a dinner-party that he expected a revolution under the Whigs, and to lose his pension; and that he intended to lay by his pension while he could get it, and maintain himself by his pen; and that he had "begun by tomahawking Miss Martineau in the *Quarterly*."

This means, if it means anything, that the

thought of getting money by his pen had only just been forced upon Mr. Croker by the Reform Bill. To proceed: —

On the same day another friend called to tell me that my printers (who also printed the *Quarterly*) thought I ought to know that "the filthiest thing that had passed through the press for a quarter of a century" was coming out against me in the *Quarterly*.

She had just before stated that Mr. Lockhart, after "the atrocious article" was in print, "wanting to seize an opportunity that might be the last for meeting her," had eagerly pressed for an introduction, and was refused.

I was long afterwards informed that Lady G. went to him early the next day (which was Sunday) and told him that he would repent of the article, if it was what he had represented to her; and I know from the printers that Mr. Lockhart went down at once to the office, and cut out "all the worst passages of the review," at great inconvenience and expense. What he could have cut out that was worse than what stands, it is not easy to conceive.

Nor is this all that reached her touching the secret history of this production.

The sequel of the story is that the writer of the original article, Mr. Poulett Scrope, requested a mutual friend to tell me that he was ready to acknowledge the political economy of the article to be his; but that he hoped he was too much of a gentleman to have stooped to ribaldry, or even jest; and that I must understand that he was not more or less responsible for anything in the article which we could not discuss face to face with satisfaction. Messrs. Lockhart and Croker made no secret of the ribaldry being theirs.

The plain answer to all this foolish gossip is that nothing of the sort took place: that there was no ribaldry to own, and no wish or intention to destroy or tomahawk. The second paragraph of the article begins thus: —

There is, we admit, much which it is impossible not to admire in Miss Martineau's productions — the praiseworthy intention and benevolent spirit in which they are written — and the varied knowledge of nature and society, the acute discrimination of character, and remarkable power of entering into, and describing the feelings of the poorer class, which several of her little narratives evinced.\*

The passage, the only passage, which was or could be represented, or rather misrepresented, as ribaldry, was a warning to Miss Martineau that there were certain topics which an unmarried woman could not

\* *Quarterly Review*, vol. xlix., p. 136.

be supposed to understand and had better let alone. The sentence on which we commented was this :—

The parent has considerable influence over the subsistent fund of his family, and an absolute control over the numbers to be supported by it.

Referring to her own meditated change of condition in 1826, she says : "I long ago came to the conclusion that, without meddling with the case of the wives and mothers, I am probably the happiest single woman in England." Then why did she meddle with the case of the wives and mothers?

If, as she states, Mr. Lockhart subsequently renewed the attempt to become acquainted with her, it can only have been because he was unconscious of rudeness or wrong. He was a proud, reserved man, except amongst friends; and he agreed with Thomas Moore in disliking literary ladies, unless they happened to be handsome and thought more of pleasing as women than as wits.

Her account of her difference with the *Times* is another specimen of her simplicity or credulity. She states that, soon after her "Poor-law Series" began, she received a message from Mr. Barnes, the editor, intimating that his paper was prepared to support her work as a valuable auxiliary of the proposed reform. The ministers were assured of support by "the same potentate."

It was on the 17th of April, 1834, that Lord Althorp introduced the bill. His speech, full of facts, earnest, and deeply impressive, produced a strong effect on the House; and the ministers went home to bed with easy minds,—little imagining what awaited them at the breakfast table. It was no small vexation to me, on opening the *Times* at breakfast on the 18th, to find a vehement and total condemnation of the new poor-law. *Everybody in London was asking how it happened.* I do not know, except in as far as I was told by some people who knew more of the management of the paper than the world in general.

The account of "some people," probably the same who supplied her with the secret history of our article, was that reports had arrived of the hostility of the country justices—"a most important class of customers"—that a meeting of the proprietors was held on the evening of the sixteenth, at which the policy of humoring the justices was carried by one vote. "So went the story. Another anecdote, less openly spoken of, *I believe to be true.*" We should say much more openly

spoken of, it being neither more nor less than a garbled version (with a change of date) of the old story of Lord Brougham's torn note, the pieces of which were picked up and forwarded to Mr. Barnes, who thenceforth declared open war against the government.

Now, Miss Martineau's "Poor-law Tales" began in 1833; and if the *Times* had pledged itself both to the writer and the ministers, how happens it that no notice, preparatory to the introduction of the measure, was taken of the series? But a reference to the file of the *Times* suffices to show how little pains she took to verify statements involving imputations of the gravest kind. She did not, on opening the *Times* at breakfast on the 18th, find a vehement and total condemnation of the new poor-law. The article did not appear till the 19th, and the writer, feeling his way cautiously, simply objected to the restrictions on out-of-door relief. It was a tentative article. In the *Times* of April 29th, 1834, ten days after the alleged quarrel, appeared a highly laudatory article on Lord Brougham. In the *Times* of May 9th, 1834, a brief recommendation of Miss Martineau's "Tales against Strikes" is qualified by a protest against being supposed to be a general admirer of her works. As to the line taken by the leading journal on the subject of the new poor-law, did she never hear, amongst her other rumors, that it was inspired or dictated from within? Did she not know that, unaffected by the death of Mr. Barnes, it was pursued for years with an earnestness, a consistency, and a disregard of popular favor, that could only have been produced by conviction?

By a strange coincidence, Thomas Moore acted like Mr. Lockhart in seeking her acquaintance, which was refused on account of some verses which he certainly did not write. Mr. Sterling, "the Thunderer of the *Times*," met with a similar repulse.

When I was at Tynemouth, hopelessly ill, poor and helpless, the *Times* abused and insulted me for privately refusing a pension. Again Mr. Sterling made a push for my acquaintance; and I repeated what I had said before: whereupon he declared that "it cut him to the heart" that I should impute to him the ribaldry and coarse insults of scoundrels and ruffians who treated me as I had been treated in the *Times*. I dare say what he said of his own feelings was true enough; but it will never do for responsible editors, like Sterling and Lockhart, to shirk their natural retribution for the sins of their publications by laying the blame on some impalpable

offender who, on his part, has very properly relied on their responsibility.

Mr. Sterling was never editor of the *Times*; and she had already stated that Mr. Lockhart publicly admitted his personal participation in the "ribaldry." Talleyrand said of Chateaubriand that he became deaf when people ceased talking about him. Miss Martineau took it for granted that people never ceased talking about her, and complacently records every idle myth about her doings or personality. Her ear-trumpet must have resembled the allegorical trumpet of Fame.

The flying rumors gathered as they rolled ;  
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,  
And all who told it added something new,  
And all who heard it made enlargement too.

She heard from Mrs. Marcet, "who had a great opinion of great people," that Louis Philippe had ordered a copy of the series for each member of his family, a tolerably numerous one. "At the same time I heard from some other quarter (I forget what) that the emperor of Russia had ordered a copy of the series for every member of his family." The emperor of Austria paid her the compliment of including her and her series in the list of persons and books who were not to pass the frontier of his dominions.

A friend of mine who was at Kensington Palace one evening when my "Political Economy Series" was coming to an end, told me how the princess (Victoria) came, running and skipping, to show her mother the advertisement of the "Illustrations of Taxation," and to get leave to order them. Her favorite of my stories is "Ella of Garveloch."

The Whig government, for whom, over and over again, she expresses a sovereign contempt, could not stir a step without her aid. Mr. Drummond, the private-secretary of the chancellor of the exchequer, who had called to bespeak a tale against tithes, "had not been gone five minutes before the chairman of the Excise Commission called, to ask in the name of the commissioners, whether it would suit my purpose to write immediately on the Excise." She is very angry with Lord Althorp for abandoning the house tax just as she had engaged to write a tale in its support. Her table was covered with cards and invitations; and the social penance her celebrity entailed upon her, led to her setting down her experience and impressions as a lion in an article on "Literary Lionism," written in 1837, the bulk of which is reproduced in this "Autobiography:"—

The sordid characteristics of the modern system appear when the eminent person becomes a guest in a private house. If the resuscitated gentleman of the fifteenth century were to walk into a country house in England in company with a lady of literary distinction, he might see at once what is in the mind of the host and hostess. All the books of the house are lying about—all the gentry in the neighborhood are collected; the young men peep and stare from the corners of the room; the young ladies crowd together, even sitting five upon three chairs to avoid the risk of being addressed by the stranger. The lady of the house devotes herself to "drawing out" the guest, asks for her opinion of this, that, and the other book, and intercedes for her young friends, trembling on their three chairs, that each may be favored with "just one line for her album." Such a scene, *very common now in English country houses*, must present an unfavorable picture of our manners to strangers from another country or another age. The prominent features are the sufferings of one person, and the selfishness of all the rest.

Bad as all this is, she continues, the case is worse in London:—

A new poet, if he innocently accepts a promising invitation, is liable to find out afterwards that his name has been inserted in the summonses to the rest of the company, or sent round from mouth to mouth to secure the rooms being full. If a woman who has written a successful play or novel attends the *soirée* of a "lionizing" lady, she hears her name so announced on the stairs as to make it certain that the servants have had their instructions; she finds herself seized upon at the door by the hostess, and carried about to lord, lady, philosopher, gossip, and dandy, each being assured that she cannot be spared to each for more than ten seconds. She sees a "lion" placed in the centre of each of the two first rooms she passes through,—a navigator from the north pole in the one, a dusky Egyptian bey or Hindoo rajah in another; and it flashes upon her that she is to be the centre of attraction in a third apartment.

If the guest be meek and modest, there is nothing for it but getting behind a door, or surrounding herself with her friends in a corner. If she be strong enough to assert herself, she will return at once to her carriage, and take care how she enters that house again. A few instances of what may be seen in London during any one season, if brought together, yield but a sorry exhibition of the manners of persons who give parties to gratify their own vanity, instead of enjoying the society and the pleasure of their friends.

The effect on the victims is melancholy in the extreme. "The drawing-room is the grave of literary promise." The author overrates his vocation, whilst the intoxica-



tion of flattery is kept up, and underrates it when the deleterious ingredient is withdrawn. "He must be a strong man who escapes all the pitfalls into this tomb of ambition and of powers." He or she must be a very weak man or woman to whom such things *are* pitfalls; and nothing has shaken our opinion of Miss Martineau's powers of observation and reflection more than this superficial and utterly erroneous tirade against what she is pleased to term society. She seems to have mistaken what may have occurred to her at the house of some suburban or provincial Mrs. Leohunter, for the normal reception of a celebrity. The London society, in which she was most cordially received at starting, was the literary and scientific society, which happened just then to be particularly good. She most certainly was not lionized, nor saw any one else lionized, by Hallam, Milman, Rogers, Sydney Smith, Babbage, Senior, Lyell, the Austins, the Somervilles, the Carlyles, the Berrys, or the Grotes.

Of fashionable life, to which she especially refers, she saw little or nothing. She was taken up rather by the Whig-Radicals than by the Whigs. She says, "I became the fashion, and I might have been the lion of several seasons had I chosen to permit it." She here confounds things essentially distinct. A person may be the fashion without being a lion, and a lion without being the fashion. A person may be the fashion for several seasons or for life; hardly a lion, which requires novelty. She was never the fashion. She was not personally acquainted with any one of the female leaders of fashion, which was then a power. She was never a guest in any one of the great London houses; and that this was by her own choice, does not alter the fact.\* In this respect she differed widely from Miss Edgeworth, who finishes a busy day of intellectual intercourse with Almack's: where Lord Londonderry (Castlereagh) hurries up to talk of "Castle Rackrent" and Ireland, and introduce her to Lady Londonderry, who invites her to "one of her grandest parties." Miss Edgeworth records this incident with complacency. Miss Martineau would have set it down as an affront.

For one instance; I never would go to Lansdowne House, because I knew that I was invited there as an authoress, to undergo, as people did at that house, the most delicate

and refined process of being lionized,—but still, the process. The Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, and a son and daughter, caused me to be introduced to them at Sir Augustus Callcott's; and their not being introduced to my mother, who was with me, showed the footing on which I stood. I was then just departing for America. On my return, I was invited to every kind of party at Lansdowne House,—a concert, a state dinner, a friendly dinner party, a small evening party, and a ball; and I declined them all. I went nowhere but where my acquaintance was sought, as a lady, by ladies. Mr. Hallam told me—*what was true enough*,—that Lady Lansdowne, being one of the queen's ladies, and Lord Lansdowne, being a cabinet minister, could not make calls.\* If so, it made no difference in my disinclination to go, in a blue-stocking way, to a house where I was not really acquainted with anybody. Mr. Hallam, I saw, thought me conceited and saucy: but I felt I must take my own methods of preserving my social independence. Lord Lansdowne would not give the matter up. Finding that General Fox was coming one evening to a *soirée* of mine, he invited himself to dine with him, in order to accompany him. I thought this somewhat impertinent, while Mr. Hallam regarded it as an honor. I did not see why a nobleman and cabinet minister was more entitled than any other gentleman to present himself uninvited, after his own invitations had been declined. The incident was a trifle; but it shows how I acted in regard to this "lionizing."

Strange that she did not see the precise application to herself of the story told by Johnson of Congreve, who, "when he received a visit from Voltaire, disgusted him by the despicable foppery of desiring to be considered, not as an author, but a gentleman: to which the Frenchman replied, 'that if he had only been a gentleman, he should not have come to visit him.'"

In what capacity was she originally invited to Hallam's, Milman's, Sydney Smith's or Rogers'? If she had steadily acted upon her principle, she must have gone back to Norwich as much a stranger to persons of intellectual distinction as she came up. This over-sensitive dignity was not true dignity. There was a dash of vulgarity about it, as there was a dash of snobbery in Thackeray's frequent references to snobs. The thoroughbred sense of social equality was wanting. Her notion of equality resembled that of the Irishman who, on his friend's remarking that one man was as good as another, emphatically assented: "Yes, and a deuced

\* It is a significant fact, as regards fashion, that she is not mentioned in the "Greville Journals."

\* Could Hallam have told her this, which was certainly not true?

deal better." If Lord Lansdowne came uninvited to her house, it obviously was because her alleged reason for refusing his invitations never crossed his mind. If she had accepted them, instead of finding herself in a house where she was not really acquainted with anybody, she would have found herself (as Hallam could have told her) amongst the most distinguished of her acquaintance, attracted round the noble host far more by his unaffected sympathy and congenial taste than by his rank. "He looks," wrote Sydney Smith, "for talents and qualities amongst all ranks of men, and adds them to his stock of society as a botanist does his plants; and whilst other aristocrats are yawning amongst stars and garters, Lansdowne is refreshing his soul with the fancy and genius which he has found in odd places, and gathered to the marbles and pictures of his palaces. I shall take care of him in my memoirs." Miss Martineau has certainly taken care of him in *hers*.

Lord Londonderry, naturally enough, began talking to Miss Edgeworth about "Castle Rack-rent" and Ireland. This, from Miss Martineau's point of view, was wrong. It was treating her like a blue-stocking, to begin by alluding to her works or the subjects on which she was employed. Speaking of the Whig dinners, which she found so pleasant in her first season, she says:—

My place was generally between some one of the notabilities and some rising barrister. From the latter I could seldom gather much, so bent were all the rising barristers I met on knowing my views on "the progress of education and the increase of crime." I was so weary of that eternal question that it was a drawback on the pleasure of many a dinner-party.

It is new to us that the rising barrister was so much in vogue at the pleasantest Whig dinners of 1832, *i.e.* if dinners so composed were the pleasantest; and we do not envy him the distinction of having to find light topics adapted to an ear-trumpet. Of Holman, the blind traveller, who was boasting of having reached the top of a mountain sooner than his comrades, she says: "It evidently never occurred to him that people with eyes climb mountains for another purpose than a race against time; and that his comrades were pausing to look about them when he outstripped them. It was a hint to me never to be critical in like manner about the pleasures of the ear."

Unluckily she did not take the hint, or she would not have complained of being

made the object of marked attention. What was optional towards others, was obligatory towards her. When not individually addressed, she was insulated. She could not blend carelessly and easily with conversation. She could not catch the playful tone, the evanescent spirit, the allusive raillery or pleasantry, which are its charm. She could not say with Sydney Smith, when an introduction was proposed: "Don't inoculate me, let me take him in the natural way." The suitor for her acquaintance had to be formally brought up and presented; and there was something appalling in her preparations for colloquial enjoyment. At one time, besides the large trumpet, she had one with a caoutchouc tube, long enough to be passed across the dinner-table, winding like a serpent amongst the dishes. The operation was jocularly termed "laying down the pipes." The interchange of mind thus effected could hardly be called conversation: it was a dialogue, or monologue, under difficulties. She herself talked pleasantly and well.

Sir Walter Scott enjoyed being lionized. So did Lord Macaulay. Miss Martineau admits that it has its advantages in enabling the lion to form valuable acquaintances and establish a connection; but he must hasten to make hay whilst the sun shines, the odds being that, at the end of his first season, he will be dropped.

Such reverse may be the best thing to be hoped; but it does not leave things as they were before the season of flattery set in. The safe feeling of equality is gone; habits of industry are impaired; the delicacy of modesty is exhaled; and it is a great wonder if the temper is not spoiled. The sense of elevation is followed by a consciousness of depression: those who have been the idols of society feel, when deposed, like its slaves; and the natural consequence is contempt and repining.

A little farther on, after stating that "the Whig dinners of that day (her first season) were at their highest point of agreeableness"—the rising barrister *non obstante*—she says that, on returning to London some years later, she found a melancholy change.

I found some who had formerly been "pleasant fellows" and agreeable ladies, now saving the same things in much the same manner as of old, only with more conceit and contempt of everybody but themselves. Their pride of station and office had swelled into vulgarity; and their blindness in regard to public opinion and the progress of all the world but themselves was more wonderful than ever.

Yet Lansdowne House, Holland House,



Devonshire House, Stafford House, were in their zenith; and the Whigs, whom pride of station and office had swelled into vulgarity, must have included Lord Grey, Lord Russell, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Normanby, Lord Althorp, Lord Carlisle, Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Clarendon.

How did this come to pass? We cannot help suspecting that the change was more subjective than objective: that it was in her, not in them: that the Whigs had found out their mistake in supposing that legislation could be based on story-books; and that (to use her own words) the natural consequence in the deposed idol was repining and contempt.

She follows up and supports her theory of lionizing by impressions of her most distinguished acquaintance, which are equally remarkable for discrimination and uncharitableness. Franklin mentions a gentleman who, having one handsome and one shrivelled leg, was wont to test the disposition of a new acquaintance by observing whether he looked first or most at the best or worst leg. Miss Martineau had a disagreeable knack of looking first and most at the worst leg, especially when the candidate for her favor had put his best leg foremost. Brougham, who laid himself out to please her, utterly failed.

He watched me intently and incessantly when I was conversing with anybody else. For my part, I liked to watch him when he was conversing with gentlemen, and his mind and its manifestations really came out. This was never the case, as far as my observation went, when he talked with ladies. I believe I have never met with more than three men, in the whole course of my experience, who talked with women in a perfectly natural manner; that is, precisely as they talked with men: but the difference in Brougham's case was so great as to be disagreeable. He knew many cultivated and intellectual women; but this seemed to be of no effect. If not able to assume with them his ordinary manner towards silly women, he was awkward and at a loss. This was by no means agreeable, though the sin of his bad manners must be laid at the door of the vain women who discarded their ladyhood for his sake, went miles to see him, were early on platforms where he was to be, and admitted him to very broad flirtations. He had pretty nearly settled his own business, in regard to conversation with ladies, before two more years were over. His swearing became so incessant, and the occasional indecency of his talk so insufferable, that I have seen even coquettes and adorers turn pale, and the lady of the house tell her husband that she could not undergo another dinner-party with Lord Brougham for a guest.

This, to our certain knowledge, is a gross exaggeration. In marked contrast to Brougham in her estimate stands Lord Durham, the pink of kindness, gentleness, temper, and amiability, and the pattern of high-minded statesmen. When she was "giving him evidence of the popular distrust of Lord Brougham and his teaching and preaching clique," he heard her with evident concern, and said at last, in his earnest, heartfelt way, "Brougham has done, and will do, foolish things enough; but it would cut me to the heart to think that Brougham was false." "In seven years from that time he was in his grave, sent there by Brougham's falseness." Did these intervening years pass away without inspiring the smallest distrust of Brougham? Lord Durham died in 1840, and Brougham was never in office after 1834.

There is little new in her reminiscences of Hallam and Sydney Smith. She says, "The story of Jeffrey and the north pole as told by Sydney Smith, appears to me strangely spoiled in the 'Life.'" It appears to us better told than by her. She hits off Jeffrey's manner to women, *apropos* of a scene in which he is monopolized by a lady whose admirers thought more of her personal attractions than her publications.

He could be absurd enough in his devotion to a clever woman; and he could be highly culpable in drawing out the vanity of a vain one, and then comically making game of it; but his better nature was always within call; and his generosity was unimpeachable in every other respect — as far as I knew him.

She was hard upon the bishops who ventured amongst the blue-stockings.

There were a few bishops; Whately, with his odd, overbearing manners, and his unequal conversation, — sometimes rude and tiresome, and at other times full of instruction, and an occasional drollery coming out amidst a world of effort. Perhaps no person of all my acquaintance has from the first appeared to me so singularly overrated as he was then. I believe it is hardly so now. Those were the days when he said a candid thing which did him honor. He was quite a new bishop then; and he said one day, plucking at his sleeve, as if he had his lawn ones on, "I don't know how it is: but when we have got these things on, we never do anything more."

She has left a portrait of the amiable and excellent Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Stanley, so disfigured by sectarian or provincial animosity that it will hardly be recognized by those who knew him personally, or have become familiar with his career and character in the truthful pages

of his distinguished son.\* The man who is there shown to have given the most decided proofs of courage, moral and physical, in confronting prejudice, suppressing vice, putting down brutal amusements, and facing Chartist mobs, is described by her as "timid as a hare, sensitive as a woman."

Bishop Stanley was, however, admirable in his way. If he had been a rural parish priest all his life, out of the way of Dissenters and of clerical *espionnage*, he would have lived and died as beloved as he really was, and much more respected. In Norwich, his care and furtherance of the schools were admirable; and in the function of benevolence to the poor and afflicted, he was exemplary.

What follows is introduced with a *but* —

I do not like your *but* — it does allay  
The good precedence —

But censure almost broke his heart and turned his brain. He had no courage at all under the bad manners of his clergy; and he repeatedly talked in such a style to me about it, as to compel me to tell him plainly that Dissenters like myself are not only accustomed to ill-usage for differences of opinion, but are brought up to regard that trial as one belonging to an honest avowal of convictions, and to be borne with courage and patience like other trials. His innocent amazement and consternation at being ill-used on account of his liberal opinions were truly instructive to a member of a despised sect: but they were painful, too.

This is tantamount to saying that bad manners and ill-usage should not be checked or censured, because the sufferers are thereby subjected to an improving trial; and that to sympathize with them is to imply that they are unequal to it. Painful, forsooth! It is infinitely more painful to see such a perverse construction of conduct and motive. The courage shown by the bishop in condemning his intolerant clergy is adduced to prove that he had none!

She does ample justice to the poetic genius and many excellent qualities of Lord Houghton, who, on hearing of her hopeless condition in 1842, sent her some lines on "Christian Endurance"! — "the lines (says Mrs. Chapman) which Dr. Channing so much admired, and after reading which he bade her be glad that she was the inciter of such holy thoughts and generous sympathies." They were followed by a fine sonnet in the same spirit in 1843. She made his acquaint-

ance at Lady Mary Shepherd's; a house to which she never went a second time for fear of being pestered by blue-stockings. First, there was Lady Mary herself, "who went about accompanied by the fame given her by Mr. Tierney, when he said there was not another head in England that could encounter hers on cause and effect." Then Lady Charlotte Bury, for whose benefit she underwent a "ludicrous examination about how I wrote my series, and what I thought of it." Escaping from this to an opposite sofa, she was "boarded" by Lady Stepney, who was then, as she boasted, receiving seven hundred pounds apiece for her novels, and paraded a pair of diamond earrings, costing that sum, which she had so earned. Would any one suppose from this that Mr. and Lady Mary Shepherd had collected round them a highly cultivated and most agreeable society: that the ladies named were probably the only blue-stockings in the room; and that kind, amiable, unassuming Lady Stepney, although she wrote some foolish novels, was the last person in the world to parade her earrings as the price?

The difficulty in conversing with this extraordinary personage was that she stopped at intervals, to demand an unqualified assent to what she said, while saying things impossible to assent to. She insisted on my believing that "that dreadful Reform in Parliament" took place entirely because the "dear duke" of Wellington had not my "moral courage," and would not carry a trumpet. She told me that the dear duke assured her himself that if he had heard what had been said from the treasury-benches, he should never have made that declaration against Parliamentary reform which brought it on: and thence it followed, Lady Stepney concluded, that if he had heard what was said behind him, — that is, if he had carried a trumpet, he would have suppressed his declaration; and the rest followed of course. I was so amused at this that I told Lady Durham of it; and she repeated it to her father, then prime minister; and then ensued the most amusing part of all. Lord Grey did not apparently take it as a joke on my part, but sent me word, in all seriousness, that there would have been Parliamentary reform, sooner or later, if the Duke of Wellington *had* carried a trumpet!

It is our firm conviction, knowing Lady Stepney well, that the remark about the "moral courage" was a bit of comic exaggeration on her part; and we feel equally sure that Lord Grey's message of assurance was sent by way of carrying on the joke. There are more specimens of Lady Stepney's conversation, who is made to say in reference to the alleged discovery

\* Memoir, by the Dean of Westminster, prefixed to "Addresses and Charges." 1851.

of the magnetic pole: "But you and I know what a magnet is very well. *We* know that a little thing like that would be pulled out of its place in the middle of the sea." We ourselves heard the Duke of Sussex, at one of the *soirées* at Kensington Palace, when he was president of the Royal Society, address a group of north-pole navigators: "How do you do, Franklin? Glad to see you, Parry. Very hot here; more like the south pole than the north." It is quite possible, therefore, that Lady Stepney may have talked nonsense about the magnet, but Miss Martineau did not understand *persiflage* when she heard it: to joke through a tube or trumpet is no laughing matter; the look and accent are out of keeping with the words. When Sydney Smith was asked how he got on with her, he replied, "Very well; except that about three times out of four she mistakes my mystifications for facts." The most decidedly "blue" parties in London were her own.

To return to her sketches. She disposes of a whole batch of eminent acquaintance in a paragraph or two:—

I had heard all my life of the vanity of women as a subject of pity to men: but when I went to London, lo! I saw vanity in high places which was never transcended by that of women in their lowlier rank. There was Brougham, wincing under a newspaper criticism, and playing the fool among silly women. There was Jeffrey flirting with clever women, in long succession. There was Bulwer on a sofa, sparkling and languishing among a set of female votaries,—he and they dined out, perfumed, and presenting the nearest picture to a seraglio to be seen on British ground,—only the indifference or hauteur of the lord of the harem being absent. There was poor Campbell the poet, obtruding his sentimentalities, amidst a quivering apprehension of making himself ridiculous.

Then there was Babbage, — less utterly dependent on opinion than some people suppose; but still, harping so much on the subject as to warrant the severe judgment current in regard to his vanity. There was Edwin Landseer, a friendly and agreeable companion, but holding his cheerfulness at the mercy of great folks' graciousness to him.

If she had revised her autobiography after reading Macaulay's "Life" by his nephew, she would hardly have attributed "the fundamental weakness which pervades his writings" to want of heart; and she goes much too far when she says:—

His review articles, and especially the one on Bacon, ought to have abolished all confi-

dence in his honesty, as well as in his capacity for philosophy.

But she is not far wrong when she complains of the difficulty thrown in the way of reference by his mode of citing his authorities:—

Where it (reference) is made by painstaking readers, the inaccuracies and misrepresentations of the historian are found to multiply as the work of verification proceeds. In fact, the only way to accept his history is to take it as a brilliant fancy-piece,—wanting not only the truth but the repose of history,—but stimulating, and even, to a degree, suggestive.

We have no fault to find with her reminiscence of Mr. and Mrs. Grote, except that "clever" is an inadequate expression, and "with all imaginary freedom" must not be understood to mean more than vivacity, comprehensiveness, and variety.

I was always glad to meet him and his clever wife, who were full, at all times, of capital conversation; she with all imaginable freedom; and he with a curious, formal, old-fashioned, deliberate courtesy, with which he strove to cover his constitutional timidity and shyness. The publication of his fine history now precludes all necessity of describing his powers and his tastes. He was best known in those days as the leading member of the Radical section in Parliament; and few could suppose then that his claims on that ground would be swallowed up by his reputation as a scholar and author in one of the highest walks of literature. As a good man and a gentleman his reputation was always of the highest.

She had ample opportunities of studying Mr. Carlyle, and made a good use of them, although she begins by showing her incapacity for enjoying the Shakespearian humor which is the distinctive quality of his genius. When the lease of his house in Cheyne Row had nearly expired, he was obliged (she says) to set forth "with sanitary views," and look about him:—

Forth he went, his wife told me, with three maps of Great Britain and two of the world in his pocket, to explore the area within twenty miles of London.

She was puzzled for a long time as to whether he did or did not care for fame; but at length the mystery was solved:—

My friend and I found that Carlyle was ordered weak brandy and water instead of wine; and we spent our few sovereigns in French brandy of the best quality, which we carried over one evening, when going to tea. Carlyle's amusement and delight at first, and all the evening after, whenever he turned his eyes towards the long-necked bottles, showed us that we had made a good choice. He declared that he had got a reward for his labors at last:

and his wife asked me to dinner, all by myself, to taste the brandy. We three sat round the fire after dinner, and Carlyle mixed the toddy while Mrs. Carlyle and I discussed some literary matters, and speculated on fame and the love of it. Then Carlyle held out a glass of his mixture to me with, "Here—take this. It is worth all the fame in England."

The following verses were improvised by Johnson in ridicule of the antique ballad style:—

"Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,  
Wearing out life's evening gray,  
Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell  
What is bliss, and which the way."  
This I spoke, and speaking sighed,  
Scarce repress'd the starting tear,  
When the smiling sage replied,  
"Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

Miss Martineau would most assuredly have understood this effusion as conveying the deliberate opinion of the sage that beer is bliss and bliss is beer.

After expressing an opinion that Mr. Carlyle could not do any more effectual work in the field of morals or philosophy, avowing a preference for his biographies, and declaring that for her part she could not read his "Latter-Day Pamphlets," she says:—

No one can read his "Cromwell" without longing for his "Frederick the Great;" and I hope he will achieve that portrait, and others after it. However much or little he may yet do, he certainly ought to be recognized as one of the chief influences of his time. Bad as is our political morality, and grievous as are our social short-comings, we are at least awakened to a sense of our sins; and I cannot but ascribe this awakening mainly to Carlyle. What Wordsworth did for poetry, in bringing us out of a conventional idea and method to a true and simple one, Carlyle has done for morality.

We admire "his sincerity, earnestness, healthfulness, and courage" as highly as any of his disciples, and there is no denying his influence. But it may well be doubted whether that influence has been for evil or for good. Does it advance morality to idealize power, force, strength of volition, success—to contend that might makes right—to set up Cromwell and Frederick the Great as models for rulers—to defend the stupid brutality of Frederick William as the eccentricity of genius?

*Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*

And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels  
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

Mr. Carlyle would have agreed with the gods and shouted with the senate.\*

Longing for rest, and wishing to break through any selfish "particularity" that might be growing on her, she resolved at the end of her third season to visit the United States. It was not a bookmaking expedition. "I can truly say that I travelled without any such idea in my mind. I am sure that no traveller seeing things through author's spectacles can see them as they are." However, she kept a journal and wrote two books, based on it, on her return. These contain what she had to say about the great republic, its institutions and its society; but one subject was glossed over in both—her own personal connection with the controversy on negro slavery, which she purposely kept back for fear of creating a suspicion of partiality. "In this place I feel it right to tell my own story." It is told in minute detail, filling ninety-two pages, and leaves a high impression of her courage, although to a certain extent confirming what fell from a "pompous young man" at New York: "My verdict is that Harriet Martineau is either an impertinent meddler in our affairs, or a woman of genius without common sense." In defiance of warnings, she attended a women's abolition meeting at Boston and made a speech, thereby identifying herself with the agitation to which most of the friends who *fêted* (or "Lafayetteed") her on her arrival were vehemently opposed.

In our own room at Washington, I spread out our large map, showed the great extent of Southern States through which we should have to pass, probably for the most part without an escort; and always, where we were known at all, with my anti-slavery reputation uppermost in everybody's mind. "Now, Louisa," said I, "does it not look awful? If you have the slightest fear, say so now, and we will change our route." "Not the slightest," said she. "If you are not afraid, I am not." This was all she ever heard from me of danger.

Sydney Smith had jocularly suggested before she left England that, although a feather in her cap was agreeable, a quantity of feathers sticking to her back might

\* Miss Martineau's readers would do well to compare her impressions of Carlyle, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and many others with those of a less prejudiced and singularly acute judge of character, contained in the highly interesting work, just published, entitled: "Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall). An Autobiographical Fragment and Biographical Notes, with Personal Sketches of Contemporaries, Unpublished Lyrics, and Letters of Literary Friends." We are indebted for this book to the poet's widow, whose acquirements and cultivated taste eminently fitted her for the execution of what she terms a dear and honorable task.



prove an awkward encumbrance; and he made another joke on the probability of her joining the feathered tribe, which she did not hear and had better be suppressed. She saw enough to show that the danger was not altogether chimerical; being present in Boston, if not witness of the scene, when Mr. Garrison was dragged by the mob towards the tar-kettle, whilst his lovely wife, more lovely in her tears, looked on from a balcony, exclaiming, "I trust in God he will not give up his principles;" which, under the circumstances, was pretty nearly tantamount to saying, "I trust in God he will be tarred and feathered." She was absent rather more than two years. On landing at Liverpool, August 26th, 1836, she found various letters from publishers awaiting her; and the very day she arrived in London, the competition began.

One November morning, however, my return was announced in the *Morning Chronicle*; and such a day as that I never passed, and hoped at the time never to pass again.

First, Mr. Bentley bustled down, and obtained entrance to my study before anybody else. Mr. Colburn came next, and had to wait. He bided his time in the drawing-room. In a few minutes arrived Mr. Saunders, and was shown into my mother's parlor. These gentlemen were all notoriously on the worst terms with each other; and the fear was that they should meet and quarrel on the stairs. Some friends who happened to call at the time were beyond measure amused.

Dickens used to relate that when two publishers, formerly partners, were similarly competing, each told him that he could hang or transport the other.

She closed with Messrs. Saunders and Otley, and through them became acquainted with "one of the tricks of the trade" which surprised her a good deal, as well it might.

After telling me the day of publication, and announcing that my twenty-five copies would be ready, Mr. Saunders inquired when I should like to come to their back parlor, "and write the notes." "What notes?" "The notes for the reviews, you know, ma'am." He was surprised at being obliged to explain that authors write notes to friends and acquaintances connected with periodicals, "to request favorable notices of the work." I did not know how to credit this; and Mr. Saunders was amazed that I had never heard of it. "I assure you, ma'am, — does it; and all our authors do it." On my emphatically declining, he replied, "As you please, ma'am: but it is the universal practice, I believe." I have always been related to the reviews exactly like the ordinary public. I have never in-

quired who had reviewed me, or known who was going to do so, except by public rumor.

Instead of taking credit, like the Pharisee, for being unlike others, Miss Martineau should have given an indignant denial to the statement, if only for the honor of the craft. There is, we know it to our cost and say it to our sorrow, a good deal of unworthy canvassing through friends for favorable notices, but the general or universal practice mentioned by Mr. Saunders, sounds to us like a pure invention or myth. The book came out under the title of "Society in America." She wished to call it "Theory and Practice of Society in America;" which would have been a better indication of its quality; most of the chapters being rather essays on legislation, manners, customs, and institutions than sketches of society. She frankly admits the principal fault, its metaphysical framework: —

Again, I was infected to a certain degree with the American method of dissertation or preaching; and I was also full of Carlylism, like the friends I had left in the western world. So that my book, while most carefully true in its facts, had a strong leaning towards the American fashion of theorizing; and it was far more useful on the other side of the Atlantic than on this.

Although taking her stand on the American point of view and herself republican to the core, she commented freely on the defects of the federal constitution, and did not spare American vanity or self-love.

A fair lady of blue-stocking Boston said of me after my book appeared, "She has ate of our bread and drunk of our cup; and she calls dear, delightful, intellectual Boston pedantic!" on which a countryman of the complainant remarked, "If she thinks Boston pedantic, did you mean to bribe her, by a cup of tea, not to say so?"

She sorely wounded the susceptibilities of the fair sex throughout the whole length and breadth of Yankee land, by plainly telling them that their accent was a material drawback to their attractions. They certainly, with rare exception, did and do require to be occasionally reminded of Lear's touching tribute to Cordelia, —

Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.

Some of Miss Martineau's "wisest friends at home," including Sydney Smith and Carlyle, offered their criticism on the more abstract American book in the pleasant form of praise of the more concrete one, the "Retrospect of Western Travel."

Carlyle wrote me that he had rather read of Webster's cavernous eyes and arm under his coat-tail, than all the political speculation that a cut-and-dried system could suggest.

It is to be hoped that she called Mr. Carlyle's attention to the motto for the chapter on Washington sent her by Lord Holland through General Fox:—

He might have been a king,

But that he understood

How much it was a meaner thing

To be unjustly great than honorably good.\*

After duly considering a proposal to undertake the editorship of an economical magazine, she rejected it, and set to work on a regular novel, for which her friends told her she had a special vocation. She must have had her misgivings, for she could never, she says, frame a plot for the shortest of her tales; and she was too good a critic not to know that no novel can approximate to excellence without a plot, although so many admirable writers have managed to do without one. A perfect plot is one where each incident tells on the denouement or catastrophe, where each character more or less influences it, where the interest is suspended to the end. One of the best examples is "Tom Jones." In default of the inventive faculty she fixed upon a story of actual life: the story of a gentleman "who had been cruelly driven, by a match-making lady, to propose to the sister of the woman beloved, on private information that the elder had lost her heart to him, and that he had shown her attention enough to warrant it." This story was the groundwork of "Deerbrook," a novel in three volumes, which came out in 1839.

I was not uneasy about getting my novel published. On May-day, 1838, six weeks before I put pen to paper, I received a note from a friend who announced what appeared to me a remarkable fact; that Mr. Murray, though he had never listened to an application to publish a novel since Scott's, was willing to enter into a negotiation for mine. I was not aware then how strong was the hold on the public mind which "the silver-fork school" had gained; and I discovered it by Mr. Murray's refusal at last to publish "Deerbrook." He was more than civil; he was kind, and, I believe, sincere in his regrets. The execution was not the ground of refusal. It was, as I had afterwards reason to know, the scene being laid in middle life. I do not know whether it is true that Mr. Lockhart advised Mr. Murray to decline it; but Mr. Lockhart's

clique gave out on the eve of publication that the hero was an apothecary.

Here is *gobemoucherie* again. Mr. Murray knew full well, if Miss Martineau did not, that "the silver-fork school" had long before received its death-blow from Dickens. The suggested ground of refusal is absurd. The hero was in fact a surgeon, so that Mr. Lockhart's clique (if he had a clique) were not far wrong. One of Theodore Hook's heroes (and Hook was the chief founder of the silver-fork school) is the son of a surgeon and man-midwife. He is rapturously expatiating to a friend on the charms of a fair *incognita* whom he had saved from the consequences of an accident in the streets, and the thrilling tone in which she had addressed him, as "My deliverer!" "Most likely," dryly remarks the friend, "she took you for your father."

Miss Martineau goes on to state (what we doubt) that Mr. Murray finally regretted his decision; and that Mr. Moxon, to whom, by Mr. Rogers's advice, she offered it, had reason to rejoice in it; "two large editions having been long exhausted and the work being still (1855) in constant demand."

To keep pace with Miss Martineau is an impossibility: the panting critic toils after her in vain; the wonder is how her physical powers bore the strain so long.

The fiery spirit working out its way  
Fretted the puny body to decay.

If for "fiery" and "puny" we read "resolute" and "sickly," Dryden's couplet fits her to a hair. The moral of Balzac's "*Peau de Chagrin*" is that every gratified volition or unrestrained impulse more or less shortens life. It was not upon the cards that Miss Martineau's intensity of will could go on taxing mind and body with impunity, and soon after the publication of "Deerbrook," in the very act of meditating "The Hour and the Man" at Venice during a Continental journey, she broke down. She was brought home by easy stages, and conveyed without delay to Newcastle-upon-Tyne to be under the care of her brother-in-law, with whom she remained six months, and then removed to a lodging in Tynemouth overlooking the sea.

On the sofa where I stretched myself after my drive to Tynemouth, on the 16th of March, 1840, I lay for nearly five years, till obedience to a newly-discovered law of nature raised me up, and sent me forth into the world again, for another ten years of strenuous work, and al-

\* The Duke of Buckingham on Fairfax.



most undisturbed peace and enjoyment of mind and heart.

Her prolonged illness inspired "Life in a Sick-room," a book which will be found replete with all kinds of comforting suggestions to the invalid who has strength of mind to turn it to account. The key-note is given in the first sentence:—

The sick-room becomes the scene of intense convictions, and among these, none, it seems to me, is more distinct and powerful than that of the permanent nature of good, and the transient nature of evil.

She finds the best source of consolation in revealed religion:—

Nothing but experience can convey a conception of the intense reality in which God appears supreme, Christ and his gospel divine, and holiness the one aim and chief good, when our frame is refusing its offices, and we can lay hold on no immediate outward solace and support.

Unhappily, this was little more than a passing impulse; and she speedily relapsed into her habitual frame of mind.

Her "Letters on Mesmerism," giving a faithful account of her cure, exposed her to a torrent of misrepresentation and abuse. The medical profession resented her getting well contrary to the rules of art as a personal injury. Their language resembled that of the doctor in the "*Malade Imaginaire*." "*Un attentat énorme contre la médecine! Un crime de lèse-faculté, qui ne se peut assez punir.*" Some went the length of declaring that she had been a *malade imaginaire* all along, without a real malady to cure.

Now and then we heard, or saw in the newspapers, that I *was* as ill as ever, and mourning my infatuation,—though I was walking five or seven miles at a time, and giving every evidence of perfect health. The end of it was that I went off to the East,—into the depths of Nubia, and traversing Arabia on a camel; and then the doctors said I had never been ill!

In her "Letters on Mesmerism" she was hurried by her grateful enthusiasm into giving it credit for miracles; such as conferring something like the gift of tongues upon a servant-girl. She also wrote some ill-judged letters on "Clairvoyance;" but she adopts the rational view of spiritualism:—

An eminent literary man said lately that he never was afraid of dying before; but that he now could not endure the idea of being summoned by students of spirit-rapping to talk such nonsense as their ghosts are made to do.

This suggests to me the expediency of declaring my conviction that if any such students should think fit to summon me, when I am gone hence, they will get a visit from—not me,—but the ghosts of their own thoughts; and I beg beforehand not to be considered answerable for anything that may be revealed under such circumstances. I do not attempt to offer any explanation of that curious class of phenomena, but I do confidently deny that we can be justified in believing that Bacon, Washington, and other wise men are the speakers of the trash that the "spiritual circles" report as their revelations.

The year after her cure she formed an acquaintance, which soon ripened into intimacy, with Mr. Atkinson, a gentleman of independent fortune and scientific acquirements, with whom, towards the end of 1847, she commenced the "Correspondence" which appeared in 1851 as an octavo volume, entitled "Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development." The pervading doctrine being materialism, she must have made up her mind to disapproval or condemnation from many of her most valued friends; but she could hardly have reckoned on the excessive virulence and gross misrepresentation with which she was encountered by the organ of the Unitarians, whose tenets she had repudiated, or that her brother, the Rev. James Martineau, would volunteer to become the instrument of their animosity. He was (she says) the avowed author of the article in the *Prospective Review* headed "Mesmeric Atheism." The bare heading (she protests) was a cruel calumny. The letters had nothing to do with mesmerism; the imputation of atheism is indignantly repelled; and the proper tone to be adopted towards an erring sister or friend was taken by Lord Houghton, when he said: "I am less and less troubled about theories which I disapprove when adopted by the good and true. You can hold them, and hold your moral judgment and sensibilities too. You are unharmed by what would be death to me."

In 1845 she built, for 500*l.*, her cottage or villa, the Knoll, at Ambleside, where she resided the remainder of her life, although (she says) so pestered by tourists that she was obliged to let it during the months of July, August, and September, when they swarmed in the Lake country. Wordsworth was her near neighbor, and she records some curious incidents relating to him:—

When you have a visitor [said he] you must do as we did; you must say, "If you like to

have a cup of tea with us, you are very welcome: but if you want any meat, — you must pay for your board." Now, promise me that you will do this. Of course, I could promise nothing of the sort. I told him I had rather not invite my friends unless I could make them comfortable. He insisted: I declined promising; and changed the subject.

In the autumn of the same year, 1845, she wrote three volumes of "Forest and Game-Law Tales," based on evidence supplied by Mr. Bright. They proved a failure, "my first failure;" but they did not destroy the belief in the efficiency of her mode of writing. In 1847, she was earnestly pressed on behalf of the leading Italian Liberals to take up her abode in Milan for six months or a year, and write a book on the condition of Lombardy under Austrian rule. In reference to this proposal, she states that a similar one had been made to her to visit Sweden, and that O'Connell (about 1839) had applied to her "to study Irish affairs on the spot, and report upon them." In 1846, finding that a misunderstanding between Sir Robert Peel and Cobden was likely to delay the repeal of the Corn Laws, she took the bold step of writing to Sir Robert (with whom she was not acquainted) and brought about the cordial co-operation of the two.

Turn her to any chord of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it she will unloose  
Familiar as her garter.

She converted her paddock at Ambleside into a miniature farm, which served as a model to agriculturists; and her cottage and grounds were called a "perfect poem" by the visitors. She was really an excellent manager, and by all accounts a most agreeable hostess.

Early in 1846 she joined a party of friends in a journey to the East, which supplied the materials for "Eastern Life, Past and Present," published in 1848. This book must speak for itself. So must her "History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace" (1816-1846), and many other publications, great and small, including an abridged translation (highly commended by Mr. Grote) of Comte's "Positive Philosophy," and a volume of "Biographical Sketches" reprinted from the *Daily News*, for which she wrote "leaders" regularly during several years.

Startling as was the amount of literary labor which she undertook, she left nothing unfinished or incomplete. She was not a superficial writer: neither was she an original one. Her strength lay in mas-

tering and diffusing knowledge; and her style, although wanting in grace and finish, was admirably fitted for her purposes, being idiomatic, animated, sufficiently colored, and pellucidly clear. As soon as she had thought out her subject, she took the first words that offered, troubled herself little about polishing, and made no fair copies. Scott and Dumas adopted the same method. Mr. Carlyle, she says, erred on the side of fastidiousness. "Almost every word was altered, and revise followed revise." Burke, we may add, was the terror of printers; and Balzac spent a fortune upon corrections in his proofs.

The publishers must have made a good thing of her if her writings were as much in request as she supposes; for she says that her literary earnings, during her twenty-five years of authorship, little exceeded ten thousand pounds. This is not a tithe of what Edward Lord Lytton and Dickens are each reported to have made.

From motives of independence which do her honor, she had declined a pension when offered by Lord Melbourne; and in reply to the renewed offer by Mr. Gladstone, in June, 1873, she writes: —

The work of my busy years has supplied the needs and desires of a quiet old age. On the former occasions of my declining a pension I was poor, and it was a case of scruple (possibly cowardice). Now I have a competence and there would be no excuse for my touching the public money.

Her last sustained literary effort was the composition of the "Autobiography," after she had been distinctly warned (in 1854) that her complaint was mortal, and that she might die at any moment. The circumstances under which it was composed will be held a fair apology for any failure or confusion of memory which it betrays. But she maintained much of her intellectual vigor to the last, and occasionally resumed her pen to promote causes, like the abolition of slavery, in which she felt a special interest. She died on the 27th of June, 1876. On May 19th she writes to Mr. Atkinson: —

I see everything in the universe go out and disappear, and I see no reason for supposing that it is not an actual and entire death — and for my part, I have no objection to such an extinction. I well remember the passion with which W. E. Forster said to me, "I had rather be damned than annihilated." If he once felt five minutes' damnation, he would be thankful for extinction in preference.

It is clear, therefore, that she contem-

plated death then as she contemplated it in 1855, when she was concluding her biography and wrote thus :—

Night after night I have known that I am mortally ill. I have tried to conceive, with the help of the sensations of my sinking-fits, the act of dying, and its attendant feelings ; and, thus far, I have always gone to sleep in the middle of it. And this is after really knowing something about it ; for I have been frequently in extreme danger of immediate death within the last five months, and have felt as if I were dying, and should never draw another breath. Under this close experience, I find death in prospect the simplest thing in the world,—a thing not to be feared or regretted, or to get excited about in any way. I attribute this very much, however, to the nature of my views of death. The case must be much otherwise with Christians,—even independently of the selfish and perturbing emotions connected with an expectation of rewards and punishments in the next world. They can never be quite secure from the danger that their air-built castle shall dissolve at the last moment, and that they may vividly perceive on what imperfect evidence and delusive grounds their expectation of immortality or resurrection reposes.

This is widely different from the view she expressed in "Life in a Sick-room ;" and if the case is to be stated at all, it should be fairly stated. The comparison should be between persons equally fixed or equally unfixed in their respective belief or unbelief. The sincere Christian is entirely free from selfish and perturbing emotions, is quite secure in his own mind that his castle, instead of being air-built, is built upon a rock. Was Addison selfish or perturbed when he told his pupil that he had sent for him to see how a Christian could die ? Surely no candid inquirer, with or without faith, will deny its ineffable comfort, its elevating, purifying, beautifying influence, upon a death-bed. It does more than soften or subdue pain, suffering, fears, regrets. It comes with more than healing on its wings. As the mortal coil drops off, it anticipates the life to come, and fixes the fading, flickering gaze on the brightest visions of immortality.

They who watch by him, see not, but he sees,  
Sees and exults—were ever dreams like these ?

They who watch by him, hear not, but he hears,

And earth recedes, and heaven itself appears ! \*

\* Rogers, "Human Life." The leading thought is borrowed from "The Dying Christian to his Soul," of Pope.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### THE WIDOW.

THE full particulars of Mr. Meredith's death and Mr. Meredith's will came by the next mail ; and this information acted as a kind of funeral ceremony and conclusion to the melancholy period. All his affairs were in order ; his will unassailable, the provisions sufficiently just. There was more money than any one expected, and it was divided into three unequal shares—the largest for his eldest son, the second for Edward, the least of all for their mother. This arrangement took them all by surprise, and it was with some little difficulty that Mrs. Meredith was brought to see how it affected herself. That there would be any difference to her had not occurred to her. She had thought only of her children. "They certainly will not be worse off than they have been," she said five minutes before the contents of the will were communicated to her ; but any question as to how she herself would be affected had not entered her mind. Even after she had heard it she did not realize it.

"I am afraid you will scarcely be able to keep up this house unless the boys stay with you, which is not to be expected," said old Mr. Sommerville.

She looked at him, taking her handkerchief from her eyes. "My house ?" she said, faltering. Mr. Beresford was present and one or two other old friends.

Oswald was playing with a paper-knife, balancing it on his finger, and paying no attention. He was thinking of something else with a vague smile on his face. He was as rich almost as he had hoped—made an "eldest son" of, in so far at least that his portion was the biggest ; and he was thinking of a house of his own, taking no thought for his mother, and a wife of his own soon to be beguiled out of poke bonnets and convent cloaks, yet all the more piquant from the comparison. Naturally this was more interesting to him than his mother, and the house that he had been used to for years. But Edward, who, whatever he was himself doing, managed somehow to see what Oswald was about, and who thought he knew what that preoccupation and absorption meant, interposed hastily. "Of course my mother will keep her house. It is quite unnecessary to enter into such questions. The

economy of the household is unchanged," he said.

"But, my lad, I don't agree with you," said old Sommerville. "You may both take to chambers, your brother and you. Most young men do nowadays, so far as I can see. I will not say whether it's better for them, or worse for them. Any how, your mother must be on her own footing. You must not be dependent on the whimsies of a boy. I would advise you, my dear madam, to look out for a smaller house."

"A smaller house?" she repeated again, in dismay. "Why a smaller house?" Then her eyes fell upon Oswald. "Yes, I understand. Oswald will perhaps — marry. It is quite true; but I have lived in this house so long — I am used to it. I do not wish to change."

"You will not be able to afford it — on your income, madam," said old Sommerville, watching her keenly. He was fond of studying mankind, and to see how a fellow-creature encountered a change of fortune was keenly interesting to the old man.

She looked at him, opening her eyes wider with a curious gaze of surprise; then paused a moment, looking round her as if for some explanation. "Ah," she said, "I begin to understand." Nobody spoke to her; the other two old friends who were present turned aside and talked to each other. Mr. Beresford looked over a photograph-book as earnestly as if he hoped to find a fortune between the pages; only the old spy watched the new-made widow, the admired and beloved woman to whom in this distinct way it was becoming apparent that she had not been so much beloved after all.

And her face was worth a little study — there came over it a momentary gloom. She had been thinking with so much tender kindness of *him*; but he, it was evident, had been less tender in his thoughts of her. But then, he had died, and she lived. No doubt, if it had been she who had died, his mind too would have been softened and his heart grown tender. The cloud lightened, a soft smile came into her eyes: and then two tears sprang quickly over the smile, because he had slighted her publicly in these last settlements; he had put her down willingly and consciously out of the position she had held as his wife. She felt this sting, for love and honor were the things she prized most. Then her courageous spirit roused up, and this time the smile descended softly, seriously, to touch her mouth.

"What does it matter?" she said, with her habitual sweetness. "My husband knew I had a little of my own. If I am not able to keep up this house, I must get another house, Mr. Sommerville; that I can keep up."

"Madam," said Mr. Sommerville, "that is the way to take it. I respect you for what you say; many a woman now would have raged at us that cannot help it, would have abused the maker of the will, and made a disturbance."

"Made a disturbance?" said Mrs. Meredith. The smile brightened into a momentary laugh. It was the first time she had allowed herself to stray beyond the gloomy pale of memory which she considered her husband's due. But the sound of her own laugh frightened her. She shrank a little, saying hastily, "Oh, Edward, my dear boy, forgive me!" He was not her favorite son, or at least he had thought so; but he was the one to whom she clung now.

"I thought you knew my mother," said Edward, proudly, "after knowing her so long. That is all; is it not? We can settle among ourselves about houses, etc. I think my mother has had enough of it now."

"No," she said, "oh, no; whatever ought to be done, I am quite able for; if there is any stipulation as to what I must do, or about the boys — if the boys should marry; but to be sure they are of age, they are their own masters," she added, with once more a faint smile. "Whether their mother is considered wise enough — oh, Edward! no, I am in earnest. Perhaps there is some task for me, something to do."

This was the only little resentment she showed; and even the sharp-witted old Sommerville scarcely took it for resentment. The friends took luncheon with the family at an early hour, and departed, carrying away the unnecessary papers, and leaving everything as it had been; the blinds were all drawn up, the sunshine coming in as usual. Oswald, with his hat brushed to a nicety and his cigars in his pocket, went out just as usual. The usual subdued domestic sounds were in the house, and in the course of the afternoon four or five visitors were allowed to come in. Everything was as it had been; only Mrs. Meredith's pretty ribbons, all soft in tint as in texture, her dove-colored gown, her lace, her Indian shawls and ornaments, were all put away, and crape reigned supreme. There was no further conversation on the subject until after

dinner, when Edward and his mother were alone. Oswald was dining with one of his friends; it was hard to hold him to the etiquette of "bereavement." "Besides," Mrs. Meredith said, "no one thinks of these rules with a young man."

"It will be strange to have to leave this house," she said, when the servants had left the dining-room. "It was the first house I had in England, when I brought you home. Some people thought the country would have been best; but I liked the protection of a town, and to see my friends, and to be near a good doctor; for you were delicate, Edward, when you were a child."

"Who, I, mother? I don't look much like it now."

"No, heaven be praised — but you were delicate; two little white-faced things you were, with India written in your little pale cheeks. That was the first thing that brought me home. You could not have stayed in India; and then the question was, Edward, to leave your father, or to leave you — and, oh — you seemed to have so much more need of me!"

"Do not go over the question again, mother. You did not do it, I am sure, without thought. Let us think of the future now. You are to stay in the house you like, and which is all the home I have ever known; as for a smaller house, or for what you are able to afford, that is simple nonsense. It appears I have a separate income now, not merely an allowance. You don't mean to turn me out, do you, to the streets?"

"My dear boy! — of course, wherever I have a roof, there is a place for you."

"Very well, mother; this is the place. You don't want me to go off and live in chambers?"

"Not unless — you think it necessary; unless — you would like it better, Edward. Oh, I hope not, my dear!"

"So do I," he said, smiling. "I hope you don't mean to turn me out for the sake of something you can afford. We must live together, mother, you and I. I can't be idle; you know, I must do something; and all the pleasure I shall ever get out of life," he added, with the solemnity of youthful conviction, "will be to find my home always the same — and my mother. I look for no other happiness."

"My dear," she said, "that is all very well at present, till you see some one who is dearer to you than either your mother or your home. That will come some time; but in the mean time, dear —"

"The mean time will be always, mother — the other time will never come."

Mrs. Meredith gave him a sudden look — then checked herself when about to say something, sighed a little, and made a pause; and then she began to talk on another subject between which and this there seemed little connection, though Edward perceived the connection easily enough.

"We shall have it all to ourselves apparently," she said, with a faint smile. "Oswald, I suppose, will be thinking of a house for himself; and why should he wait? There is no reason why he should wait. To be sure, they are young. Has he said anything to you, Edward?"

"Nothing, mother."

"Well; they must have their reasons, I presume. One does not like to be left quite out; but it is the thing one ought to expect as one gets old. Old people are supposed not to sympathize with youth. It is a mistake, Edward — a great pity; but I suppose it will be the same as long as the world lasts. I did the same, no doubt, when I was young too."

He made no reply. So sure as he was that he never could have such secrets to communicate, how could he say anything? and she went on.

"I am not finding fault with Oswald. He has always been a good boy — both of you," she said, smiling upon him. "You have never given me any great anxiety. And everything has turned out well hitherto. They will have plenty of money; but so long as Oswald does not say anything, how can I speak to her father, as I should like to do? Men do not notice such things; and it seems uncandid with so good a friend; but till Oswald speaks — I hope he will be an attentive husband, Edward. He will be kind; but there are many little attentions that a fanciful girl expects — and feels the want of when they fail her."

Edward said nothing to all this; how could he? He winced, but bore it stoutly, though he could not make any reply. It was better to accustom himself to have it talked about; but he could not himself enter upon the subject. "Will you mind if I leave this evening, for a little?" he said.

"No, dear; certainly not — but, Edward," she said, coming round to him as she rose from the table, and laying her hand on his arm, "are you sure it is good for you, my dear boy? are you not making it harder for yourself?"

"Let me alone, mother — so long as I



can," he said, hoarsely. "No; it does not make it harder; and it can't last long now."

"No—there is no reason why they should wait. I wish—I wish he may not be a careless husband, Edward. Why should he spend all his evenings away? There is something in it I cannot understand."

"He has always been the happy one, mother. Whatever he has wished for has come to him. He does not know what it is to be so fortunate—nothing has cost him any trouble—not even this."

"Still, he should not be away every evening," said the mother, shaking her head; and she drew him down to her and kissed his cheek tenderly. "My boy! we must comfort each other," she said, with soft tears in her eyes. Her heart bled for him in the troubles she divined, and she was one of the women who never lose their interest in the trials of youthful love. Yet, sympathetic as she was, she smiled too as she went up-stairs. He thought this would last forever—that he would never change his mind, nor suffer a new affection to steal into his heart. She smiled a little, and shook her head all by herself. How short-lived were their nevers and forevers! She went up to the drawing-room, where she had spent so many quiet evenings, pleased to think that her boys were happy, though they were not with her; where she had thought of them at school, at college, in all the different places they had passed through, trying to follow them in her thoughts, anxiously wondering what they were doing, often pausing to breathe out a brief, silent prayer for them in the midst of her knitting, or when she closed her book for a moment. This had become so habitual to her, that she would do it almost without thinking. "Oh, bless my boys; keep them from evil!"—between how many sentences of how many books—in the pauses of how many conversations—woven through and through how many pieces of wool, had those simple supplications gone!

By-and-by she heard the door close of the next house, the bell ring in her own, the familiar step on the stair, and the neighbor came in and took his usual place. They sat on each side of the fireplace, in which still glimmered a little fire, though the season was warm. It irked her that she could not continue with him the conversation she had been having with Edward; but till Oswald spoke, what could she say? and they had plenty to talk about.

"I wonder," he said, "if it was a bad

dream when I was sent away—not knowing why, or where to go?"

"Where were you going? I never wished it. How I should have missed you now! It is in trouble that we want our friends most. Edward has been so good and kind. He says he will never leave me; that we must live together. And he thinks he will always think so—poor boy! I have not the heart to tell him that he will soon change."

"Why should he change? he may search far enough before he will find such another home. If I were he, I would not change either. He is more to be trusted than Oswald."

"Oh, you are mistaken. My boy is—"

"I am not saying ill of him. If I ever wish to do that, I will not come to his mother with it. But Oswald thinks more of himself. Where is he to-night? He has left you alone, to bear all your loneliness, to think over everything."

"You know I never taught my children that they were to keep by me. I might have liked it, but I did not think it right. They are very, very good; but no one can upbraid me with keeping them at my apron-strings."

"That is one thing I object to in women," said Mr. Beresford. "The most sensible are so sensitive about those wretched little things that people say. What does it matter what people say who know nothing? Do you think a club is so much better than your apron-strings, as you call them? Why should you care for such vulgar reproach?"

"I don't know why; we are made so, I suppose; and if women are sensitive, you must know the best of men will talk about our apron-strings; when all we are thinking of is what is best for the children—trembling, perhaps, and wondering what is best—giving all our hearts to it—some careless fool will spoil all we are planning with his old joke about our apron-strings—or some wise man will do it. It is all the same. But, never mind; I have locked up all my tremblings in my own mind, and left them free."

"And you have not repented? You have more confidence in them now than if you had been less brave. But I wish Oswald had stayed at home with you to-night."

"Oh, you must not blame Oswald," she cried, doubly anxious not to have her son blamed, and not to allow Cara's father to conceive any prejudice against him. "It is in the evening he sees his friends; he



is always ready when I want him — during the day. It would not be good for the boy to let him shut himself up. Indeed, it is my own doing," said Mrs. Meredith, smiling upon him, with one of those serene and confident lies which the sternest moralist cannot condemn.

Mr. Beresford shook his head a little; but he could not deceive the mother about her son, any more than she could confess how well she was aware of all Oswald's selfishnesses. They were selfishnesses, to be sure; or, at least, the outside world would naturally call them so. To her, the boy's conduct bore a different appearance. He thought of himself — this was how she explained it. And how natural that was for any one so watched over and cared for as he had been! Was it not, indeed, her fault, who had always supplied every want, satisfied every wish she knew of, and trained him, so to speak, to have everything his own way, and to think that every other way should yield to his? It was *her* fault; and as he grew older, and his mind enlarged, he would grow out of it. This, though with an uneasy twinge now and then, Mrs. Meredith believed, and though as clear-sighted as any one to her boy's faults, thought less hardly, and perhaps more truly, of them than strangers did. But there was a little pause after this, and a sense in her mind that she had not convinced this critic, who considered himself more clear-sighted than Oswald's mother, and internally half pitied, half smiled at her blindness. If critics in general only knew! for who is so sharp-sighted to all these imperfections as the parent who thus endeavors to convince them of the excellence of a child!

"Edward gives up India, then?" said Mr. Beresford. "I do not wonder; but it is a fine career, and with his connections and antecedents —"

Mrs. Meredith gave a little shiver. "Do you think he should still go?" she asked, anxiously. "Indeed, I have not persuaded him. I have held my tongue. And he never liked the idea. He did it for duty only. But he does not mean to sink into idleness — he will work here."

"At what will he work? The bar? Every young man I ever meet is going to the bar. There will soon be nobody left to make the necessary mischief, and provide work for them. But if a man wants a fine career, India is the place. You are going to stay in this house, notwithstanding your old adviser?"

"It does not matter to me," she said.

"I can be as happy in one house as another. It is Edward who wishes it."

"And then, if he sees some one he likes — and marries, and leaves you in the lurch? Boys who are independent so young are sure to marry young."

She shook her head. "Ah! how I wish it might be so! I would forgive him for leaving me — if only my boy was happy."

Mr. Beresford got up, and walked about the room. It was nothing extraordinary, but only a way he had, and did not suggest to his friend any *accès* of excitement.

"You think marriage, then, so much the happiest condition?" he said.

Mrs. Meredith made a pause before she replied. "Is that the question? How can I answer at my age, and in — the circumstances you know. We have not to settle abstract happiness. Feelings of that kind die out, and I am not the person to speak. I think a woman — at one time of life — loves her children more than ever she loved *man*."

"Some women —"

"But it is not marrying in the abstract. My boy would be happy if he could get — what he wants. But he never will get that," she added, with a sigh.

"What is so tragic about Edward's love affairs?" he asked, half laughing; "is it ever so serious at two-and-twenty?"

"Ah, you laugh! but you would not have laughed, at his age, if you had seen some one you were fond of secured by — another — who was not half so true a lover perhaps; or, at least, you thought so."

"No," he said, growing grave. "That was different, certainly." And the mind of the man travelled suddenly off, like a flash of lightning, back to the flowery land of youth, that lay so far behind. The mind of the woman took no such journey. Her love had ended, not in the anguish of a death parting, but in estrangement, and coldness, and indifference. She remained where she was, thinking only, with a sigh, how willingly would she give a bit of her life, if she could — a bit of her very heart — to get happiness for her boy; yet believing that to make one happy would be to ruin the other, and standing helpless between the two. This was the only complication in her mind. But in this the complications were many. Why did she say this, and send him back to the days of young romance and passion? just when his mind was full of the calmer affections and expedients of middle age, and the question whether — to secure such a tender com-

panion as herself, whom he loved in a way, and whose absence impoverished life beyond bearing—he should endeavor to return into the traditions of the other love which was past for him as for her. Was it her friendly, gentle hand, so unconscious of what he was meditating, that put him thus back at a touch into the old enchanted world, and showed him so plainly the angel at the gates of that faded, unfading paradise; an angel, not with any flaming sword, but with the stronger bar of soft uplifted hands? Impossible! So it was—and yet what else could be?

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## ROGER'S FATE.

ROGER BURCHELL had made two unsuccessful visits to the square—the first absolutely painful, the second disappointing. On both occasions he had failed to see Cara, except surrounded by strangers, who were nothing, and indeed less than nothing to him; and both times he had gone away resolute that nothing should induce him to tempt fate again, and come back. But a young man who is in love persuades himself with difficulty that fate is against him. It seems so unlikely and incredible that such a thing should be; and short of a distinct and unmistakable sentence, hope revives after the shock of a mere repulse has a little worn off. And then Roger had heard that Cara was coming back to the Hill, and his heart had risen. When she was there again, within his reach, without “these fellows” by, who had troubled him, Cara, he flattered himself, would be to him as she used to be; and, distance lending enchantment to his vision, it appeared to him that she had been much kinder in those days than she ever really was, and that she must have understood him, and had seriously inclined to hear what he had to say. Soon he managed to persuade himself that Cara had never been cold, never had been anything but sweet and encouraging, and that it was only her surroundings which had led her away from him and forced the attention which she would have much more willingly bestowed upon himself, the companion of her youth. This idea brought a rush of tender feeling with it, and resolution not to be discouraged—never to take an answer again but from Cara herself. How likely that she might have wondered too why he did not take the initiative, why he did not insist upon speaking to her, and getting her own plain answer! From this to the

thought that Cara was looking out for him every Sunday—wondering, disappointed, and alarmed that he did not come—was but a step; and then Roger made up his mind to go again, to insist on seeing her, and to ask her—simply to ask her, neither more nor less—for there was very little time to lose. In the autumn, he was going to India; already his importance had risen with all belonging to him. Up to this moment he had been only one of the boys, more or less, wasting money, and limiting the advantages of the others; but in autumn he would have an income of his own, and would be independent. The sense of importance went to his head a little. Had he met the queen, I think that he would have expected her Majesty to know that he was going out to India in October. It was not that he was vain of himself or his prospects; but a man *with an income* is very different from a man without that possession. This is a fact which no one can doubt. It was late in April when he came to the square for the third time, and so fine a day that everybody had gone out, except Cara, who was not well. When he was ushered into the drawing-room, he found her seated in an easy chair, with a shawl round her. Though it was very sunshiny outside, it was rather cold indoors. Miss Cherry, who stood by with her bonnet on, and her prayer-book in her hand, had just ordered the fire to be lighted, and Cara, with her cold, had crept close to it. Miss Cherry was going to the afternoon service.

“I shall not be long, my darling. You will not miss me,” she was saying, “though I don’t like to leave you on my last day.”

“Don’t say it is the last day—and look, here is Roger to keep me company,” said Cara. “He will sit with me while you are away.”

How glad he was, and how eager to promise!

Miss Cherry thought no more of poor Roger than if he had been a cabbage. She thought it might be an amusement to her niece to hear his little gossip about home; and though she saw through his eagerness, and suspected his object, yet she was not alarmed for Cara. Poor blind moth, coming to scorch his wings, she said to herself, with a half-amused pity. She did not pay very much attention to what he might have to suffer. Indeed, unless one has a special interest in the sufferer, such pangs always awake more or less amusement in the mature bosom; and tender-hearted as Miss Cherry

was, her mind was too full of other things to have much leisure for Roger, who was, she thought, anyhow too shy and awkward to commit himself. She had her mind full of a great many things. She was going away, now that her brother was not going. But though she was anxious about her old aunt, and her home, which she had left for so long a period, she was anxious about Cara too, and did not know which of these opposing sentiments dragged her most strongly to one side or the other. And then she was angry with her brother—angry with him for staying, and angry that there had been an occasion for his going away. She went to afternoon church at that drowsiest hour, when, if the mind has any temptation to be dejected, or to be cross, it is crosser and more downcast than at any other moment, and attended a sleepy service in an old dingy chapel, one of the few which are still to be found remaining, in which a scattered congregation drowse in big pews, and something like a clerk still conducts the responses. Miss Cherry had been used to this kind of service all her life, and in her gentle obstinacy of conservatism clung to it, though it possessed very few attractions. She said her own prayers very devoutly, and did her best to join in the irregular chorus of the clerk; and she sat very erect in the high corner of the pew, and gave an undivided attention to the sermon, sternly commanding every stray thought out of the way. But the effort was not so successful as the valor of the endeavor merited. Miss Cherry did not like, as she said, to have the good effect all dissipated by worldly talk after a good sermon (and was not every sermon good in intention at least—calculated, if we would only receive its directions, to do good to the very best of us?), and for this reason she was in the habit of avoiding all conversation on her way from church. But her resolution could not stand when she saw Mr. Maxwell coming towards her from the other side of the street. He had not been at church, she feared; but yet she had a great many things to ask him. She let him join her, though she liked to have her Sundays to herself.

"Yes, I hope Miss Charity is better," he said. "Her energy has come back to her, and if the summer would really come—I hear of another change, which I can't say surprises me, but yet—your brother then is not going away?"

"No—why should he?" said Miss Cherry. "It is one thing to find fault with

one's brother, and quite another thing to hear him criticised by his friend.

"I thought so," said Maxwell; "he has no stamina, no firmness. I suppose, then, he has made up his mind?"

"To what, Mr. Maxwell? He has made up his mind not to go away."

"And to all the consequences. Miss Cherry, you are not so simple as you wish people to think. He means, of course to marry again. I had hoped he would have more sense—and better feeling."

"I don't know why you should judge James so harshly," said Miss Cherry, with spirit. "Many people marry twice, of whom nothing is said—and when they do not, perhaps it is scarcely from good taste or feeling on their part."

"You are kind," said the doctor, growing red, and wondering within himself how the d—could she know what he had been thinking of? Or was it merely a bow drawn at a venture, though the arrow whistled so close?

"Whatever wishes I might have," he added, betraying himself, "are nothing to the purpose. Your brother is in a very different position. He has a pretty, sweet daughter, grown up, at a companionable age, to make a home for him. What would he have? Such a man might certainly be content—instead of compelling people to rake up the past, and ask unpleasant questions."

"Questions about James? I don't know what questions any one could ask about my brother—"

"Well," said Maxwell, somewhat hotly; "I don't like doing anything in the dark, and you may tell Beresford, if you like, Miss Cherry, all that I have to say, that I shall oppose it. I shall certainly oppose it. Never should I have said a word, had he let things alone; but in this case, it will become my duty."

"What will become your duty?" said Miss Cherry, aghast.

He looked at her wondering face, and his own countenance changed. "It is not anything to bother you about," he said. "It is—a nothing—a matter between your brother and me."

"What is it?" she said, growing anxious.

He had turned with her, and walked by her side in his vehemence. Now that she had taken fright, he stopped short.

"It is only that I have a patient to see," he said; "and I am glad to be able to make your mind quite easy about Miss Beresford. She is twice as strong as either you or I."

And before she could say another word, he had knocked at a door they were passing, and left her, taking off his hat in the most ordinary way. What did he mean? or was it nothing—some trifling quarrel he had got into with James? Miss Cherry walked the rest of the way home, alone indeed and undisturbed, but with a strange commotion in her mind. Was there something serious behind these vague threatenings, or was he only depressed and cross, like herself, from the troublesome influence of spring, and of this east-windy day?

Meanwhile, Roger sat down in front of Cara's fire, which was too warm, and made him uncomfortable—for he had been walking quickly, and he had no cold. He thought she looked pale, as she reclined in the big chair, with that fleecy white shawl round her, and he told her so frankly.

"It is living in town that has done it," he said. "When you come back to the country you will soon be all right."

"It is only a cold," said Cara. "I don't know now when we shall go to the country. Aunt Cherry leaves us to-morrow."

"But you are coming too? Yes, you are! Miss Charity told my mother so. In a few days —"

"Ah, that was before papa changed his plans; he is not going abroad now—so I stay at home," said Cara.

The young man started up from his seat in the sudden sting of his disappointment. He was too unsophisticated to be able to control his feelings. Still, he managed not to swear or rave, as nature suggested. "Good heavens!" was the only audible exclamation he permitted himself, which, to be sure, is merely a pious ejaculation; though a lower, "Confound!" came under his breath—but this Cara was not supposed to hear.

"Home?" he said, coming back after a walk to the window, when he had partially subdued himself. "I should have thought the Hill, where you have lived all your life, and where everybody cares for you, would have seemed more like *home* than the square."

"Do not be cross, Roger," said Cara. "Why should you be cross?" Something of the ease of conscious domination was in her treatment of him. She did not take the same high ground with Oswald or Edward; but this poor boy was, so to speak, under her thumb, and, like most superior persons, she made an unkind use of her power, and treated her slave with levity. "You look as if you meant to

scold me. There is a little red here," and she put up her hand to her own delicate cheek, to show the spot, "which means temper; and it is not nice to show temper, Roger, especially with an old friend. I did not choose my home any more than my name. You might as well say you should have thought I would prefer to be May rather than Cara."

"It is you who are unkind," said the poor young fellow. "Oh, Cara, if you remember how we have played together, how long you have known me! and this is my last summer in England. In six months—less than six months—I shall be gone."

"I am very sorry," she said. "But why should you get up and stamp about; that will not make things any better. Sit down and tell me about it. Poor Roger! are you really going away?"

Now, this was not the tone he wished or expected; for he was far from feeling himself to be poor Roger, because he was going away. Offended dignity strove with anxious love in his mind, and he felt, with, perhaps, a vulgar yet very reasonable instinct, that his actual dignity and importance made the best foundation for his love.

"It is not so much to be regretted, Cara, except for one thing. I shall enter upon good pay at once. That is worth sacrificing something for; and I don't care so much, after all, for just leaving England. What does it matter where a fellow is, so long as he is happy; but it's about being happy that I want to speak to you."

"I think it matters a great deal where one is," said Cara; but she refrained, out of politeness to him, who had no choice in the matter, to sing the praises of home. "I have been so used to people wandering about," she said, apologetically; "papa, you know; but I am glad that you don't mind; and, of course, to have money of your own will be very pleasant. I am afraid they will all feel it very much at the rectory."

"Oh, *they*! they don't care. It will be one out of the way. Ah, Cara; if I only could think *you* would be sorry."

"Of course I shall be sorry, Roger," she said, with a gentle seriousness. "There is no one I shall miss so much. I will think of you often in the woods, and when there are garden parties. As you are going, I am almost glad not to be there this year."

"Ah, Cara! if you would but say a little more, how happy you might make me," said the young man, self-deceived, with honest moisture in his eyes.



"Then I will say as much more as you like," she said, bending forward towards him with a little soft color rising in her cheeks. "I shall think of you always on Sundays, and how glad we used to be when you came; and if you have time to write to me, I will always answer; and I will think of you at that prayer in the litany for those who travel by land and water."

"Something more yet—only one thing more!" cried poor Roger, getting down upon one knee somehow, and laying his hand on the arm of her chair. His eyes were quite full, his young face glowing: "Say you love me ever so little, Cara! I have never thought of any one in my life but you. Whenever I hoped or planned anything it was always for you. I never had a penny: I never could show what I felt, any how: but now I shall be well enough off, and able to keep——"

"Hush!" said Cara, half frightened; "don't look so anxious. I never knew you so restless before; one moment starting up and walking about, another down on your knees. Why should you go down on your knees to me? Of course I like you, Roger dear; have we not been like brother and sister?"

"No!" he said; "and I don't want to be like brother and sister. I am so fond of you, I don't know what to say. Oh, Cara! don't be so quiet as if it didn't matter. I shall be well off, able to keep a wife."

"A wife?—that is a new idea," she said, bewildered; "but you are too young, Roger."

"Will you come with me, Cara?" he cried, passing over, scarcely hearing, in his emotion the surprise yet indifference of this question. "Oh, Cara! don't say no without thinking! I will wait if you like—say a year or two years, I shall not mind. I would rather wait fifty years for you than have any one else, Cara. Only say you will come with me, or even to me, and I shall not mind."

Cara sat quite upright in her chair. She threw her white shawl off in her excitement. "*Me?*" she said; "*me?*" (That fine point of grammar often settles itself summarily in excitement, and on the wrong side.) "You must be dreaming," she said; "or am I dreaming, or what has happened? I don't know what you mean."

He stumbled up to his feet red as the glow of the fire which had scorched him, poor boy, as if his unrequited passion was not enough. "If I am dreaming!" he said, in the sharp sting of his downfall, "it is you who have made me dream."

"I?" said Cara, in her surprise (the grammar coming right as the crisis got over); "what have I done? I don't understand at all. I am not unkind. If there was anything I could do to please you, I would do it."

"To please me, Cara?" he cried, sinking again into submission. "To make me happy, that is what you can do, if you like. Don't say no all at once; think of it at least; the hardest-hearted might do that."

"I am not hard-hearted," she said. "I begin to see what it is. We have both made a mistake, Roger. I never thought *this* was what you were thinking; and you have deceived yourself, supposing I knew. I am very, very sorry. I will do anything—else——"

"I don't want anything else," he said sullenly. He turned his back upon her in the gloom and blackness of his disappointment. "What else is there between young people like us?" he said, bitterly. "My mother always says so, and she ought to know. I have heard often enough of girls leading men on—enticing them to make fools of themselves—and I see it is true now. But I never thought it of you, Cara. Whatever others did, I thought you were one by yourself, and nobody like you. But I see now you are just like the rest. What good does it do you to make a fellow unhappy—to break his heart?" Here poor Roger's voice faltered, the true feeling in him struggling against the vulgar fibre which extremity revealed. "And all your smiling and looking sweet, was it all for nothing?" he said—"all meaning nothing! You would have done just the same for anybody else! What good does it do you? for there's nobody here to see how you have made a laughing-stock of me."

"Have I made a laughing-stock of you? I am more ready to cry than to laugh," said Cara, indignantly, yet with quivering lip.

"I know what you will do," he said; "you will tell everybody—that is what you will do. Oh, it's a devilish thing in girls! I suppose they never *feel* themselves, and it pleases their vanity to make fools of us. You will go and tell those fellows, those Merediths, what a laugh you have had out of poor Roger. *Poor Roger!* but you sha'n't have your triumph, Miss Beresford," said the poor lad, snatching up his hat. "If you won't look at me, there are others who will. I am not so ridiculous as to be beneath the notice of some one else."



He made a rush to the door, and Cara sat leaning forward a little, looking after him, — her blue eyes wide open, a look of astonishment, mingled with grief, on her face. She felt wounded and startled, but surprised most of all. *Roger!* — was it Roger who spoke so? When he got to the door he turned round and looked back upon her, his lips quivering, his whole frame trembling. Cara could scarcely bear the pitiful, despairing look in the lad's eyes.

"Oh, Roger!" she said; "don't go away so. You can't imagine I ever laughed at you, or made fun of you. — I? — when you were always the kindest friend to me. Won't you say 'good-bye' to me kindly? But never mind — I shall see you often before you go away."

And then, while he still stood there irresolute, not knowing whether to dart away in the first wrathful impulse, or to come back and throw himself at her feet, all these possibilities were made an end of in a moment by Miss Cherry, who walked softly up the stairs and came in with her prayer-book still in her hand. Roger let go his hold of the door, which he had been grasping frantically, and smiled with a pale countenance as best he could to meet the new-comer, standing out into the room to let her pass, and doing all he could to look like any other gentleman saying "good-bye" at the end of a morning call. Cara drew the shawl again upon her shoulders, and wrapped herself closer and closer in it, as if that was all she was thinking of. If they had not been so elaborate in their precautions they might have deceived Miss Cherry, whose mind was taken up with her own thoughts. But they played their parts so much too well that her curiosity was aroused at once.

"Are you going, Roger? You must stop first and have some tea. I dare say Cara had not the good sense to offer you some tea; but John will bring it directly when he knows I have come in. Is it really true, my dear Roger, that you are going away? I am sure I wish you may have every advantage and good fortune."

She looked at him curiously, and he felt that she read him through and through. But he could not make any attempt at make-believe with Miss Cherry, whom he had known ever since he could remember. He muttered something, he could not tell what, made a hurried dash at Cara's hand, which he crushed so that her poor little fingers did not recover for half an hour; and then rushed out of the house. Miss Cherry turned to Cara with inquiring eyes.

The girl had dropped back into her chair, and had almost disappeared in the fleecy folds of the shawl.

"What have you been doing to Roger?" she said. "Poor boy! If I had known I would have warned him. Must there always be some mischief going on whenever there are two together? Oh, child! you ought to have let him see how it was; you should not have led him on!"

"Did I lead him on? What have I done? He said so too," cried poor Cara, unable to restrain her tears. She cried so that Miss Cherry was alarmed, and from scolding took to petting her, afraid of the effect she had herself produced.

"It's only a way of speaking," she said. "No, my darling, I know you did not. If he said so, he was very unkind. Do not think of it any more."

But this is always so much easier to say than to do.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

#### BETWEEN THE TWO.

OSWALD'S spirits very soon recovered the shock of his father's death. He was as light-hearted as ever after that day when he had visited little Emmy at the hospital. Perhaps the satisfaction of having done a good action was in his mind, for he was permitted to send Emmy to the seaside to the abode of another sisterhood there. Agnes undertook after all to make the proposal for him, which was graciously accepted, though she herself received another admonition from the superior. Sister Mary Jane appointed a meeting with the other culprit who had made this charitable offer. As usual, he was not supposed to be at all in fault. He was allowed to enter the sacred convent gates, and wait in St. Elizabeth (for so the superior's room was entitled) till Sister Mary Jane made her appearance, who made all the arrangements, and took his money with much gracious condescension, but said nothing about his ambassadorship. Neither did he say anything, though he looked up eagerly every time the door opened, and made furtive investigations, as well as he could, through the long bare passages, where all sorts of instruction were going on. When he opened (as he had no right to do) one of the doors he passed, he found it to be full of infants, who turned round *en masse* to his great terror, and saluted him with a simultaneous bob. They knew their manners if he did not. But nowhere could he see Agnes, and not a word about her did these unfeeling

sisters utter. To tell truth, they both waited for each other. Sister Mary Jane had little doubt that his real mission at the "house" was to find out all he could from her, whereas he on his part had a lively anticipation of being called to task for following and talking to the governess. Oswald had something of the feeling of a schoolboy who has escaped when he found that no explanation was asked from him, and this was the only reason he gave to himself for not making those inquiries into Agnes Burchell's family which he felt it was now really necessary to make. But why immediately? Let him make a little more ground with her first, and establish his own position. It charmed him a great deal more to think of winning her in this irregular way than to plan the proper formal approach to her parents, and application for their consent. To go and hunt up an unknown family and introduce himself to them in cold blood, and to ask them, "Will you give me your daughter?" was quite alarming to him. He put it off, as it is so easy to do. Certainly it would be his duty to do it, one time or other, if his suit prospered, and he was not much afraid of the non-success of his suit. But to go to them once for all, and inform them of his engagement with their daughter, would, he thought, be a less difficult matter—and all the delightful romance of the strange wooing would be lost should he adopt the other plan. He felt that he had got off when the door of the "house" closed upon him without any questioning from Sister Mary Jane; but on her side the feeling was different. She was disappointed. She had guessed how things were going, though not that they had gone nearly so far, and she had been convinced that the young stranger's anxiety to see her arose from his honorable desire to set everything on a proper footing. The reader will perceive that Sister Mary Jane was too simple and too credulous. She was half vexed at the idea of losing the girl whom she had grown fond of, and half glad that Agnes had found a new life more suited to her than the routine of the "house," for Agnes, it was evident, had no "vocation," and she did not doubt for a moment what Mr. Oswald Meredith's real object was. She had made up her mind to allow herself to be sounded, to yield forth scraps of information diplomatically, and finally to divulge everything there was to tell, and set the eager lover off to the rectory at the foot of the hill. But Sister Mary Jane was much dismayed to be asked no questions

at all on the subject. She could not understand it, and all the disagreeable stories she had ever heard of the wolves that haunt the neighborhood of a fold came into her mind and filled her with dismay. Instead of being honorable and high-minded, as she had taken it for granted he must be, was he designing and deceiving, according to the ideal of men who used to appear in all the novels? Up to this moment Sister Mary Jane had felt disposed to laugh at the Lothario of fiction. Was this that mythical personage in his improper person? The result of the interview on her side was that she reproved poor Agnes gently for a few days, and declined to allow her to go anywhere, and would not make any reference whatever to little Emmy's going to the seaside. Yes, she was to go. Oh, certainly, everything was arranged; but not a word about Emmy's friend, whose liberality procured her this change. Agnes felt her heart sink. She had expected at least to be questioned about the young stranger who must, she felt convinced, have asked questions about her, and the silence was hard to bear. Once more, indeed, she was permitted to go out to see Emmy before she went away; but the lay-sister, the portress, was sent with her on some pretext or other. Thus it happened that when Oswald appeared as usual, he found himself confronted by a respectable visage of forty under the poke bonnet which he had supposed to enshrine that Perugino countenance to which he had addressed so many uncompleted verses. To be sure, the Perugino face was close by, but the dragon kept so near that nothing could be said. Oswald talked a little about Emmy loudly, by way of deceiving the respectable attendant. Then he ventured upon a few hurried words in a lower tone. "Is this an expedient of the sisters?" he said hastily. "Am I never to speak to you again? Do they think they can send me away like this, and get the better of me? Never! You need not think so. You may send me away, but no one else shall."

"Mr. Meredith, for heaven's sake ——"

"I am taking care; but you don't mean to cast me off, Agnes?"

She gave him a sudden look. Her face was full of emotion. Fright, melancholy, wistfulness, inquiring wonder, were in her eyes. What did he mean? Was he as true, as reverent, as real in his love, as he had said? He could not have realized in his confident happiness and ability to do everything he wished the sense of impotent, dejected wondering, and the indigna-

tion with herself, for thinking about it so, which were in Agnes's mind. But something in her eyes touched and stopped him in his eager effort to continue this undertone of conversation, to elude the scrutiny of her companion. "Good-bye," she said, with a slight wave of her hand, hurrying on. Oswald was overcome in spite of himself. He fell behind instinctively, and watched her moving quickly along the street with the other black shadow by her in the sunshine. For the moment he ceased to think of himself and thought of her. Had it been for her comfort that he had crossed her path? It had been the most delightful new existence and pursuit to him—but to her? Oswald could not have imagined the waves of varied feeling, the secret storms that had gone over Agnes in the quiet of the convent, on account of those meetings and conversations; but he did consciously pause and ask himself whether this which had been so pleasant to him had been equally pleasant to her. It was but a momentary pause. Then he went after her a little more slowly, not unselfish enough, even in his new care for her, not to be rather anxious that Agnes should be aware that he was there. And, who knows? perhaps it was more consolatory for her when she half turned round, standing at the door of the "house" waiting for admittance, to see him pass taking off his hat reverentially, and looking at her with eyes half reproachful and tender, than it would have been had he accepted the repulse she had given him, and put force upon himself and stayed absolutely away. He had no intention of staying away. He meant to continue his pursuit of her—to waylay her, to lose no possibility of getting near her. He was pertinacious, obstinate, determined, even though it annoyed her. Did it annoy her? or was there some secret pleasure in the warm glow that came over her at sight of him. She hurried in, and swore to herself not to think of this troublesome interruption of her quiet life any more. It was over. Emmy was removed, and there was an end of it. She would think of it no more; and with this determination Agnes hastened to the girls in St. Cecilia, and never left off thinking of it till weariness and youth together, making light of all those simple thorns in her pillow, plunged her into softest sleep.

Oswald went to Cara to unburden his mind next day. He did not quite know what his next step was to be. "I think it is all right," he said. "You should have seen the look she gave me. She

would not have given me a look like that if she had not liked me. It set me wondering whether she was as happy as—such a creature as she is ought to be. Would they scold her badly because I followed her? You know what women do—would they be hard upon her? But why? If I insisted upon being there it was not her fault."

"They would say it was her fault. They would say that if she had refused to speak to you you would not have come back."

"But I should. I am not so easily discouraged. Oh yes, perhaps if she had looked as if she hated me; but then," said Oswald, with complacency, "she did not do that."

"Don't be so vain," said Cara, provoked. "Oh I *hate* you when you look vain. It makes you look silly too. If she saw you with that imbecile look on your face she would never take the trouble of thinking of you again."

"Oh, wouldn't she?" said Oswald, looking more vain than ever. "Because you are insensible that is not to say that other people are. Of course I should pull up if I did not mean anything. But I do mean a great deal. I never saw any one like her. I told you she was like a Perugino—and you should hear her talk. She is thrown away there, Cara. I am sure she never was meant to be shut up in such a place, teaching a set of little wretches. I told her so. I told her a wife was better than a sister."

"Are you so very sure of that?" cried Cara; for what she called the imbecile look of vanity on Oswald's handsome face had irritated her. "Would it be so very noble to be your wife, Oswald? Now tell me. You would like her to look up to you, and think you very grand and clever. You would read your poetry to her. You would like her to order you a very nice dinner——"

"Ye-es," said Oswald; "but if she smiled at me sweetly I should forgive her the dinner; and she should do as she pleased; only I should like her, of course, to please me."

"And you would take her to the opera, and to parties—and give up your club, perhaps—and you would take a great deal of trouble in furnishing your house, and altogether enjoy yourself."

"Very much indeed, I promise you," said the young man, rubbing his hands.

"And now she is not enjoying herself at all," said Cara; "working very hard among the poor children, going to visit

sick people in the hospital. Oh yes, there would be a difference! The wife would be much the most comfortable."

"I don't like girls to be satirical," said Oswald. "It puts them out of harmony, out of drawing. Now *she* said something like that. She asked me in her pretty way if it would be better to make one man happy than to serve a great number of people, and take care of those that had nobody to take care of them. That was what she said; but she did not laugh, nor put on a satirical tone."

"That shows only that she is better than I am," said Cara, slightly angry still; "but not that I am wrong. Your wife! it might be nice enough. I can't tell; but it would not be a great life—a life for others, like what, perhaps, she is trying for now."

"You are complimentary, Cara," said Oswald, half offended. "After all, I don't think it would be such a very bad business. I shall take good care of my wife, never fear. She *shall* enjoy herself. Don't you know," he added with a laugh, "that everybody thinks you and I are going to make it up between us?"

Cara turned away. "You ought not to let any one think so," she said.

"What harm does it do? It amuses everybody, keeping them on the stretch for news. They think we are actually engaged. The times that Edward has tried to get it out of me—all particulars—and my mother too. It is far too good a joke not to keep it up."

"But, Oswald, I don't like it. It is not right."

"Oh, don't be so particular, Cara. I shall believe you are going to be an old maid, like Aunt Cherry, if you are so precise. Why, what possible harm can it do? It is only keeping them on the rack of curiosity while we are laughing in our sleeves. Besides, after all, Cara *mia*, it is just a chance, you know, that it did not come to pass. If it had not been for *her*, and that she turned up just when she did——"

"I am much obliged to you, Oswald. You think, then, that it all depends upon you, and that the moment it pleased you to throw your handkerchief——"

"Do not be absurd, my dear child. You know I am very fond of you," said Oswald, with such a softening in his voice, and so kind a look in his eyes, that Cara was quite disarmed. He put his hand lightly upon her waist as a brother might have done. "We have known each other all our lives—we shall know each other

all the rest of our lives. I tell you everything—you are my little conscience-keeper, my adviser. I don't know what I should do without you," he said; and, being of a caressing disposition, Oswald bent down suddenly and kissed the soft cheek which was lifted towards him. There were two doors to the room—the one most generally used was in its second division, the back drawing-room; but another door opened directly out upon the staircase, and the two were standing, as it happened, directly in front of this. By what chance it happened that Miss Cherry chose this door to come in by, and suddenly, softly threw it open at this particular moment, will never be known. There is something in such a salutation, especially when at all ambiguous in its character, which seems to stir up all kinds of malicious influences for its betrayal. The sudden action of Miss Cherry in opening this door revealed the little incident not only to her but to Edward, who was coming up the stair. Cara rushed to the other end of the room, her face scorching with shame; but Oswald, more used to the situation, stood his ground, and laughed. "Ah, Aunt Cherry, are you really going?" he said, holding out his hand to her, while Edward stalked into the room like a ghost. Of all the party, Oswald was the least discomposed. Indeed it rather pleased him, his vanity and his sense of fun being both excited. He had a kind of notion that Edward was jealous, and this added to his mischievous enjoyment. Where was the harm?

"Yes, I am going away," said Miss Cherry, "and perhaps it is time—though I sometimes don't know whether I ought to go or stay," she added mournfully, with a glance at her niece. Cara had turned her back upon the company, and was in the other room arranging some music on the piano, with trembling fingers. She could not bear either reproach or laughter, for her shame was excessive, and out of all proportion to the magnitude of the offence, as was to be expected at her years.

"Oh, you must not be uneasy about Cara," said Oswald, lightly. "Cara will be well taken care of. We will all take care of her. I must go now, Cara. Good morning. I am going to look after the business I have been telling you of. Why, there is nothing to make a bother about," he said in an undertone. "Cara! crying! why, what harm is done?"

"Oh, tell them, Oswald; if you have any pity for me, tell them!"



"Tell them what? there is nothing to tell. If they put foolish constructions on the simplest incident, it is not our fault. Good-bye; only look unconcerned as I do; there is no possible harm done."

And with this he went away, shaking hands with Miss Cherry, who was very pale with agitation and disapproval. As for Edward, he gave her a very formal message from his mother about a drive which Cara was to take with her in the afternoon. He scarcely spoke to the girl herself, who indeed kept in the background and said nothing. Edward had grown quite pale: he bowed in a formal way, and spoke so stiffly that Miss Cherry was almost driven to self-assertion. "Pray don't let Mrs. Meredith take any trouble about Cara's drive," she said, drawing herself up. "Cara can get an airing very easily if this is troublesome."

"What I said was that my mother would call at four," said the young man; and he bowed again and went away. With what a heavy heart he went down-stairs, not seeing the pitiful look Cara stole at him as he went out, this time through the legitimate door, the neglect of which had caused all the mischief; no, not the neglect, but Oswald's dreadful wicked levity and her own (as it almost seemed) crime.

"I am going away," said Miss Cherry with dignity. "I will not ask you what you don't choose to tell me, Cara. I have seen enough for myself; but I can't help saying that I go with a heavy heart. Your father and you have both gone out of my reach. It is not for me to blame you. I am old-fashioned, and prefer old ways, and perhaps it is you who know best."

"Oh, Aunt Cherry," said the girl, in a passion of tears. "What can I say to you? You are mistaken, indeed you are mistaken. I am not concealing anything."

"We will not speak of it, my dear," said Miss Cherry with trembling lips. "You are out of my reach, both your father and you. Oh, when I think how things used to be! What a good child you were — so true, so transparent! and now I don't seem to know what truth is — everything is muddled up. Oh, I wonder if it is our fault! They say that to have a mother is everything; but I thought I had tried to be like a mother," cried Miss Cherry, giving way to the inevitable tears.

"I am not false," said Cara, putting her arms round her. "Oh, Aunt Cherry, believe me. I did not know what he was going to do. It was to thank me, because he had been asking — my advice —"

"Your advice! Ah, you will be fine guides to each other if this is how you treat your best friends," said Miss Cherry. But she yielded a little to the girl's caressing, and dried her eyes. "I am going away with a heavy heart," she added, after this partial making-up, shaking her head sorrowfully. "I don't know what it is all coming to. *He* is never at home — always *there*; and you — In my time we thought of what was right, not only what we liked best; but they tell us in all the books that the world is getting wiser, and knows better every day. I only hope you will find it so. Oh, Cara," said Miss Cherry, "it is thought a mean thing to say that honesty is the best policy, though it was the fashion once; but it is. I don't mean to say that is the highest way of looking at it; but still it is so. For one vexation you may have by speaking the truth, you will find a dozen from not speaking it. I wish you would think of this. But I will not say any more."

"I am not a liar," said Cara, with a wild indignation in her heart which was beyond words; and she refused to speak again, and saw her aunt off with a throbbing heart, but neither tears nor words beyond what were absolutely needful; never had she parted with any one in this way before. She came in and shut herself up in her room, directing them to say that she was ill, and could not drive when Mrs. Meredith came for her. Honesty the best policy! What breaking up of heaven and earth was it that placed her amid all these shadows and falsities, she whose spirit revolted from everything that was even doubtful? She lay down upon her little bed, and cried herself, not to sleep, but into the quiet of exhaustion. Aunt Cherry, who had been like her mother to her, had gone away wounded and estranged. Edward — what a countenance his had been as he turned and went out of the room! And Oswald, who had dragged her into this false position and would not clear her, laughed! Cara hid her eyes from the light in one of those outbursts of youthful despair, which are more intolerable than heavier sorrows. Such pangs have before now driven young souls to desperation. She was hemmed in, and did not know what to do. And where in all the world was she to find a friend now?

While she was lying there in her despair, Oswald, walking along lightly, could scarcely keep himself from laughing aloud when he thought of this quaint misadventure. How absurd it was! He hoped



Miss Cherry would not be too hard upon Cara—but he took the idea of the scolding she would receive with a certain complacency as well as amusement. It was as good as a play; Miss Cherry's look of horror, the blanched face of the virtuous Edward, and poor little Cara's furious blush and overwhelming shame. What an innocent child it must be to feel such a trifle so deeply! But they were all rather tiresome people with their punctilios, Oswald felt, and the sooner he had emancipated himself, and settled independently, the better. Thanks to that sensible old governor, who, after all, could not have chosen a better moment to die in, there was no need for waiting, and nobody had any power to raise difficulties in respect to money. No, he could please himself; he could do what he liked without interference from any one, and he would do it. He would win his little wife by his spear and his bow, without intervention of the old fogeys who spoil sport; and when the romance had been exhausted they would all live happy ever after like a fairy tale. As for any harm to be done in the mean time, any clouding of other lives, he puffed that into the air with a "Pshaw, nonsense!" as he would have puffed away the smoke of his cigar.

But it surprised him when he returned home to find his mother in tears over Edward's resolution, after all, to carry out his original plan and go out to India. Mrs. Meredith was broken-hearted over this change. "I thought it was all settled. Oh, Oswald, there are but two of you. How can I bear to part with one of my boys?" she said.

"Well, mother, but you had made up your mind to it; and, to tell the truth, it is a shame to sacrifice such prospects as his," said the elder son, with exemplary wisdom. "I am very sorry, since you take it so to heart; but otherwise one can't deny it's the best thing he could do."

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CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE "Memorials of the late Canon Kingsley," published by his widow, do not constitute a biography of the normal type. In other words, the book does not profess to answer every question which the curiosity of readers might suggest; and, on the whole, one may be very glad that it does not. To many such questions the most appropriate answer is silence, not

unmixed with contempt. To others, which may be taken as the expression of a legitimate interest in an eminent man, a reader of moderate intelligence may be trusted to find a sufficient answer in the ample materials placed before him. There is no great difficulty in seizing the main outlines of so strongly marked a character; and, on the whole, Mr. Kingsley well deserves the labor. Few writers of his generation gave clearer indications of power. Had he died at the age of five-and-thirty (when "Westward Ho!" was already completed) we should have speculated upon the great things which we had lost. The last twenty years of his life added little or nothing to his literary reputation. Perhaps, indeed, some of his performances—the lectures at Cambridge, and the unfortunate controversy with Dr. Newman, reflected a certain discredit upon his previous achievements. The explanation is not far to seek, when one has read the story of his life; but the fact makes it rather difficult to recall the feelings with which the rising generation of the years between 1848 and 1855 regarded the most vigorous champion of a school then in its highest vigor. "The Saint's Tragedy," "Yeast," "Alton Locke," "Hypatia," and "Westward Ho!" did not exactly reveal one of the born leaders of mankind; but their freshness, geniality, and vigor seemed to indicate powers which might qualify their possessor to be an admirable interpreter between the original prophets and the inferior disciples. There was the buoyancy of spirit, the undoubting confidence that the riddle of the universe had at last been satisfactorily solved; and the power of seizing the picturesque and striking aspects of things and embodying abstract theories in vivid symbols which marks the second order of intellects—the men who spread but do not originate fruitful and transforming ideas. Thinkers of the highest rank may be equally self-confident: for it cannot be denied that unreasonable trust in one's own infallibility is a great condition of success in even the highest tasks; but the confidence of great minds is compatible with a deeper estimate of the difficulties before them. They may hold that evil will be extirpated, but they are aware that its roots strike down into the very heart of things. Kingsley's exuberant faith in his own message showed the high spirits of youth rather than a profound insight into the conditions of the great problem which he solved so fluently. At the time, however, this youthful zeal was contagious. If not an authority to

obey, he was a fellow-worker in whom to trust heartily and rejoice unreservedly. Nobody, as Mr. Matthew Arnold says in a letter published in these volumes, was more willing to admire or more free from petty jealousies. This quality gave a charm to his writings. There was always something generous in their tone; a desire to understand his antagonist's position, which was due to his own temperament as much as to the teaching of his leader, Mr. Maurice; and, in short, a warmth and heartiness which led one to overlook many defects, and rightly attracted the enthusiasm of men young enough to look up to him for guidance.

The earlier pages in Mrs. Kingsley's volumes give a vivid picture of this period of his life, or, at least, of one side of it. Something is said—as of course it is proper to say something—of the speculative doubts and difficulties through which he won his way to a more settled and happier frame of mind. But it is impossible to take this very seriously. Kingsley, as his letters prove, started in life like other lads, with a ready-made theory of the universe. Like other lads, he was perfectly confident that it rested upon an unassailable basis and would solve all difficulties. He intended, it is true, to perfect himself in a few branches of study which he had hitherto neglected; he was to learn something about metaphysics, theology, ecclesiastical history, and other branches of knowledge; but it is quite plain that Kant and Augustine and other great teachers of mankind were to be called in, not to consult upon the basis of his philosophy, but to furnish him with a few tools for polishing certain corollaries and increasing his dialectical skill. He is quite ready to provide his correspondents immediately with a definitive philosophical system, and shows his usual versatility in applying at least some of the metaphysical phraseology caught from his intellectual idols. Many lads, however, learn to modify the speculative apparatus with which they started. Absolute conversions, it is true, are almost unknown in philosophy. No Platonist ever became an Aristotelian, or *vice versa*; for a man's attitude in such matters depends upon intellectual tendencies which assert themselves in early youth as much as in riper years. But men of real power go through a process of development, which, though it leaves a certain homogeneity between their earlier and their later views, softens the crudeness and lessens the superficiality of the first guesses. No such process

is traceable in Kingsley. His first theory is his last, except that in later years his interest in abstract speculation had obviously declined, and his declarations, if equally dogmatic in form, show less confidence than desire to be confident. He is glad to turn from speculations to facts, and thinks that his strength lies in the direction rather of the natural sciences than of speculative thought.

Probably he was quite right. It would, at any rate, be a mistake to regard any process of intellectual development as determining his career. He was no real philosopher, though capable of providing philosophical dialogues quite good enough to figure in an historical novel. He was primarily a poet, or, at least, a man swayed by the imagination and emotions. He felt keenly, saw vividly, and accepted such abstract teachings as were most congenial to his modes of seeing and feeling. The true key to his mental development must therefore be sought in his emotional history, and not in the intellectual fermentation which determines the career of a true thinker. The story of his life in this aspect, though indicated rather than directly told, seems to be simple enough. Few people, it is probable, ever had greater faculties of enjoyment than Kingsley. His delight in a fine landscape resembled (though the phrase seems humiliating) the delight of an epicure in an exquisite vintage. It had the intensity and absorbing power of a sensual appetite. He enjoyed the sight of the Atlantic rollers relieved against a purple stretch of heather as the conventional alderman enjoys turtle soup. He gave himself up to the pure emotion as a luxuriant nature abandons itself to physical gratification. His was not the contemplative mood of the greater poets of nature, but an intense spasm of sympathy which rather excluded all further reflection. Such a temperament implies equal powers of appreciation for many other kinds of beauty, though his love of fine scenery has perhaps left the strongest mark upon his books. He was abnormally sensitive to those pleasures which are on the border-line between the sensuous and the intellectual. He speaks in an early letter of the "dreamy days of boyhood," when his "enjoyment was drawn from the semi-sensual delights of ear and eye, from sun and stars, wood and wave, the beautiful inanimate in all its forms." "Present enjoyment," he adds, "present profit, brought always to me a recklessness of moral consequences which has been my bane." The

last expression must of course be taken for what it is worth, that is, for next to nothing; but he is no doubt right in attributing to himself a certain greediness of pleasures of the class described, which became more intellectual and comprehensive but hardly less intense in later years.

It is needless to point out what are the dangers to which a man is exposed by such a temperament. He describes himself (at the age of twenty-two) as saved from "the darkling tempests of scepticism," and from "sensuality and dissipation;" saved, too, "from a hunter's life on the prairies, from becoming a savage and perhaps worse." The phrase savors of his habitual exaggeration, but it has a real meaning. Young men with a strong taste for pleasure are ruined often enough, though they do not go so far as "the prairies" to effect that consummation. We can see with sufficient clearness that during his college life Kingsley went through serious struggles and came out victorious. Partly, no doubt, he owed that victory over himself to the fact that his tastes, however keen, were not coarse. He had a genuine vein of poetry, that is to say, of really noble feeling. His intense delight in the higher forms of beauty was a force which resisted any easy lapse into degradation. The æsthetic faculties may, as has been too clearly proved, fall into bondage to the lowest impulses of our nature. In the case of a man so open to generous and manly impulses, so appreciative of the claims which outward scenery reveals to healthy and tender minds, and to them alone, the struggle against such bondage must have been in any case prolonged and vigorous. But stronger men than Kingsley have yielded, and one may see in him the type of character which, under other conditions, produces the "diabolical" or rather the animalistic school of art and literature. An external influence, we are left to infer, had a share in saving him from so lamentable a descent. Kingsley, in short, was rescued as other men have been rescued, by the elevating influence of a noble passion. It is inevitable that this fact, tolerably obvious as it is, should be rather indicated than stated in the biography. But he was not slow to proclaim in all his writings, and we need not scruple to assume that his utterance was drawn from his own experience, that, of all good things that can befall a man in this world, the best is that he should fall in love with a good woman. It is not a new truth; indeed, most truths of that importance have an

uncomfortable habit of revealing themselves to the intrusive persons who have insisted upon saying all our best things before us. Still, true as it is, many young men are apt to ignore it, or to consider it as repealed instead of limited by obvious prudential maxims. Kingsley, led to recognize it, and even to exaggerate its exclusive importance by his own history, insists upon it with an emphasis which may not only be traced through his writings, but which seems to have affected all his conceptions of life. It may almost be regarded as the true central point of his doctrine. The love of man for woman, when sanctified by religious feeling, is, according to him, the greatest of all forces that work for individual or social good. This belief, and the system of which it forms a part, give the most characteristic coloring to all his work. It appears to be decided by general consent that a novel means the same thing as a love-story. Some writers indeed have been bold enough to maintain, and even to act upon the opinion, that this view exaggerates the part played by the passion in actual life; and that men have some interests in life which survive the pairing period. Kingsley's doctrine differs from that of the ordinary novelist in another way. Love may not be the ultimate end of a man's life; but it is, as Shakespeare puts it,

the ever fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height  
be taken.

It is the guide to a noble life; and not only affords the discipline by which men obtain the mastery over themselves, but reveals to them the true theory of their relations to the universe. This doctrine, treated in a rather vacillating manner, supplies the theme for his earliest book, "The Saint's Tragedy." Lancelot in "Yeast," and even the poor tailor, Alton Locke, owe their best stimulus towards obtaining a satisfactory solution of the perplexed social problems of the time to their love for good women. Hypatia, the type of the feminine influence whose lofty instincts are misdirected by a decaying philosophy, and poor Pelagia, with no philosophy at all, excite the passions by which monks, pagans, and Goths are elevated or corrupted; and the excellent Victoria—a lady who comes too distinctly from a modern tract—shows the philosopher Raphael how to escape from a despairing cynicism.

The Elizabethan heroes of "Westward Ho!" take the side of good or evil according to their mode of understanding love for the heroines. In "Two Years Ago," the delicate curate, and the dandified American, and the sturdy Tom Thurnall, all manage to save their souls by the worship of a lofty feminine character, whilst poor Tom Briggs or Vavasour is ruined by his failure to appreciate the rare excellence of his wife. The same thought inspires some of his most remarkable poems, as the truly beautiful "Andromeda," and the "Martyrdom of Saint Maura," considered by himself to be his best, though I fancy that few readers will share this judgment. Laucelot in "Yeast" designs a great allegorical drawing called the "Triumph of Woman," which sets forth the hallowing influence of feminine charms upon every variety of human being. The picture is one of those which could hardly be put upon canvas; but it would be the proper frontispiece to Kingsley's works.

Such a doctrine, it may be said, is too specific and narrow to be considered as the animating principle of the various books in which it appears. This is doubtless true, and it must be taken rather as the most characteristic application of the teaching of which it is in a logical sense the corollary, though ostensible corollaries are often in fact first principles. When generalized or associated with congenial theories of wider application, it explains Kingsley's leading doctrines. Thus the love of good women is the great practical guide in life; and, in a broader sense, our affections are to guide our intellects. The love of nature, the rapture produced in a sensitive mind by the glorious beauties of the external world, is to teach us the true theory of the universe. The ultimate argument which convinces men like Tom Thurnall and Raphael Aben Ezra, is that the love of which they have come to know the mysterious charm, must reveal the true archetype of the world, previously hidden by the veil of sense. It wants no more to explain a problem which seems\* to have puzzled Kingsley himself, why, namely, the mystics should supply the only religious teaching which had "any real meaning for his heart." A man who systematically sees the world through his affections is so far a mystic; though Kingsley's love of the concrete and incapacity for abstract metaphysics prevented him from using the true mystical language.

\* Life, vol. i., p. 420.

Still simpler is the solution of another problem stated by his biographer. It is said to be "strange" that Kingsley should have acknowledged the intellectual leadership at once of Coleridge and Maurice and of Mr. Carlyle. The superficial difference between the two first and the last of those writers is indeed obvious. But it requires no profound reasoner to detect the fundamental similarity. They all agree in seeing facts through the medium of the imagination, and substituting poetic intuition for the slow and chilling processes of scientific reasoning. They agree in rejecting the rigid framework of dogma and desiring to exalt the spirit above the dead letter. To Kingsley, as to his teachers, and to most imaginative minds, science seemed to mean materialism in philosophy and cynicism in morals. Men of science subordinate the satisfaction of the emotions to the satisfaction of the intellect; they seek to analyze into their elements the concrete realities which alone interest the poet, and see mechanical laws where their opponents would recognize a living force. To Kingsley they seemed (rightly or wrongly, to be drying up the source of his most rapturous emotions, and reducing the beautiful world to a colorless museum of dead specimens. Instead of regulating they were suppressing the emotions. It is less remarkable that he should have opposed a doctrine thus interpreted, than that he should have gradually become less hostile to the scientific aspect of things. He accepted, instead of reviling, Mr. Darwin's teaching; and seems to have been convincing himself that, after all, science was not an enemy to the loftier sentiments. His keen eye for nature, his love of beast and bird and insect, made him sympathize with the observers, if not with the reasoners, and led him to recognize a poetic and a religious side in rightly interpreted science.

His antipathy to another kind of dogmatism is equally intelligible. To him it appeared (rightly or wrongly) to be hopelessly tainted by the evil principle which he generally described as Manichæism. It ordered him (or so he supposed) to look upon nature with horror or suspicion, instead of regarding it as everywhere marked with the indelible impress of the creative hand, and therefore calculated to stimulate the highest emotions of reverence and awe; and, still more, it set up a false and attenuated ethical standard, which condemned all natural impulses as therefore bad, and placed the monkish above the domestic virtues. It was clearly



inevitable that a man who regarded human love as the very centre and starting point of all the good influences of life, and the delight in nature as the very test of a healthily constituted mind, should look upon teaching thus understood with absolute detestation. Possibly he caricatured it; at any rate he spared no pains to attack it by every means open to him, and especially by setting forth his own ideal of character. He created the "muscular Christian"—the man, that is, who, on the showing of his antagonists, is an impossible combination of classical and Christian types, and, on his own, implies the harmonious blending of all aspects of the truth. He protested, fruitlessly enough, against the nickname, because it seemed to imply that his version of the character subordinated the highest to the lowest elements. It suggested that he had used Christian phraseology to consecrate a blind admiration for physical prowess and excess of animal vigor. His indignation—expressed in an imprudently angry letter to one of his critics—was intelligible enough. The imputation was cruel, because it was at once false and plausible. It was false, for Kingsley's ideal heroes—whether properly to be called Christians or not—are certainly not mere animals. They have their faults, but they are not sensual or cynical, though in some of their literary descendants the animal side of their nature seems to have developed itself with suspicious facility. Amyas Leigh would probably have hung his Guy Livingstone from a yard-arm before the voyage was over. To readers, however, looking at Amyas from a different point of view, the likeness might be deceptive; and in asserting the value of certain qualities too much depreciated by his judges, he naturally seemed to give them an excessive value.

This is not the place to estimate the worth of Kingsley's teaching on such high matters. It may, however, be taken for granted that it would be useless to look to him for any very coherent or profound statement of his doctrine. He was, as I have said, no thinker, but a man of keen, vigorous feelings, which, like other such men, he was apt to take for intuitions and to express in confident dogmas. It is the general attitude of mind, not the specific conclusions at which he had arrived, which must be appreciated in order to do justice to his writings. Without dwelling upon his philosophy, it is enough to observe that this impetuosity of temperament, which is the very antithesis of the

quality most requisite in a philosopher, is prejudicial to his artistic work. Its most obvious fault is a want of repose and harmony. He can never be quiet for a moment. Every sentence must be emphatic and intense. He seizes the first aspect of a subject; dashes out a picture—sometimes of perfectly admirable vigor—in half-a-dozen lines; but cannot dwell upon a particular strain of thought or tone down the brilliant hues of fragmentary passages by the diffused atmosphere of calm reflection. He could hardly sit quiet for a moment, as one of his admirers tells us; and his strong-minded heroes, who ought to be self-sustained and tranquil, are always in as great a fever as himself. The result of this tendency is too plainly written upon his life as upon his books. He was always, in a sanitary sense, living upon his capital, and taking more out of his strength than his powers justified. He knocked himself up completely by writing "Yeast" before he was thirty, and every subsequent work seems to have involved an effort which told heavily upon his constitution. The natural consequence of such a process is to be seen in the fact already noticed that his literary productiveness rapidly declined; and that in his later works we have the emphasis which has become habitual without the force which saved it from affectation. It must, however, be said to his credit that he had the merit—a tolerably rare one—of abandoning the attempt to rival his own earlier performances when the vein no longer flowed spontaneously.

The strength and the weakness of such a temperament are illustrated by his poetry, of which some fragments will probably survive (and few, indeed, are the poets who survive by more than fragments), though we may doubt the truth of his own opinion that they would supply his most lasting claim upon posterity. He explains, however, very frankly why he can never be a great poet. He is wanting, he says,\* in the great poetic faculty—the "power of metaphor and analogue—the instinctive vision of connections between all things in heaven and earth." His mind, in other words, was deficient in the direction of philosophic imagination. He could not, like Milton, converse habitually with

Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The cherub Contemplation.

\* *Life*, vol. ii., p. 55.



He was too restless and impetuous to be at ease on those heights from which alone the widest truths become perceptible, and excite the emotions which are at once deepest and calmest. His songs represent jets and gushes of vivid but rather feverish emotion. A pathetic or heroic story, or the beauty of some natural scene, moves him deeply, and he utters his emotion in an energetic burst of vivid language. But he is too short-winged for a long flight, or for soaring into the loftiest regions of the intellectual atmosphere.

Every short lyric is the record, one must suppose, of some such mood of intense excitement. But it makes all the difference whether the excitement takes place in a mind already stored with thought, and ready to pierce instantaneously to the deepest meaning of a particular scene or incident, or in a mind incapable of sustained reflection, and accustomed to see things by brilliant flashes which reveal only their partial and superficial aspects. When, however, we do not blame Kingsley for not being somebody else, we must admit him to be excellent within his limits. The "Andromeda" is in every way admirable. It is probably the most successful attempt in the language to grapple with the technical difficulties of English hexameters; and he also seems to find in the pagan mythology a more appropriate symbol for his characteristic tone of sentiment and an imagery which fits in better with his nature-worship than in regions more familiar to him. He can abandon himself unreservedly to his delight in the beautiful without bothering himself with the direct denunciation of the Manichees or showing the controversial theologian under the artistic dress. The shorter poems have generally a power for stamping themselves upon the memory, due, no doubt, to their straight-forward, nervous style. They have the cardinal merit of vigor which belongs to all genuine utterance of real emotion, and are delightfully free from the flabby affectations of many modern rivals. The mark may not be the most elevated, but he goes at it as straight as he would ride at a fence. His "North-Easter" does not blow from such ethereal regions as Shelley's "South-West Wind." It verges upon the absurd, and is perhaps not quite free from that taint of vulgarity which vitiates all artistic reference to field sports. But given that such a sentiment was worth expressing, the tones in which it is couched are as ringing and vigorous as could be wished. He can rise much higher when he is pathetic and indignant.

It would not be easy to find a better warrcry for the denouncer of social wrongs than the ballad of the poacher's widow. And to pass over the two songs by which he is best known, such poems as "Poor Lorraine"—first published in the biography—or the beautiful lines in "The Saint's Tragedy," beginning "Oh, that we two were maying!" are intense enough in their utterance to make us wonder why he fell short of the highest class of song-writing. Perhaps the defect is indicated by a certain desire to be picturesque which prevents him from obtaining complete success in the simple expression of pathos. The poems have a taint of prettiness—and prettiness is a deadly vice in poetry. There is about them a faint flavor of drawing-room music. But, when we do not want to be hypercritical, we may be thankful for poetry which, if not of the highest class, has the rarest of merits at the present day—genuine fervor and originality.

The fullest expression of Kingsley's mind must be found in the works which appeared from 1848 to 1855. Those seven years, one may say, saw his literary rise, culmination, and decline. "The Saint's Tragedy" represents the period of mental agitation. It will not live longer than many other modern attempts by men of equal genius to compose dramas not intended for the stage. The form in such cases is generally felt to be an incubrance rather than a help, and one cannot help thinking in this instance that Kingsley might have done better if he had written a picturesque history instead of forcing his story into an uncongenial framework. Nobody is now likely to share Bunsen's belief that the author had proved himself capable of continuing Shakespeare's great series of historic dramas. But one is also rather surprised that a performance which, with all its crudities and awkwardness, showed such unmistakable symptoms of power, did not make a greater impression. Perhaps the most vital fault is the want of unity, not merely in plot but in the leading thought, which was the natural result of the mode of composition. He began it in 1842—that is, at the age of twenty-three—and it was not published till 1848. As this includes the period during which Kingsley passed through his acutest struggle, it is not wonderful that the book should show signs of confusion. It has, indeed, a purpose, and a very distinct one. It is the first exposition of that doctrine which, as I have said, Kingsley preached in season and out of season. He wishes to exhibit the beauty of his own ideal of

feminine meekness as compared with the monastic and ascetic ideal. And whatever may be said against books "with a purpose," it cannot, I think, be denied that this central idea was capable of artistic treatment. A dramatist might surely find an impressive motive in the conflict set up in a mind of purity and elevation by the acceptance of a distorted code of morality. There is a genuine tragic element in this interpretation of poor Elizabeth's sufferings. Nature tells her that her domestic affections are holy and of divine origin; the priests tell her that they are to be crushed and mortified. She is gradually tortured to death by the distraction of attempting to obey the two voices, each of them appealing to the loftiest and most unselfish motives. The history is probably false, but the conception is not the less powerful. The execution remains unsatisfactory, chiefly for the obvious reason that Kingsley was not quite a Shakespeare nor even a Schiller, and that his work is therefore rather a series of vigorous sketches than an effective whole; but partly also because his own sentiment seems to be vacillating and indistinct. A thorough hater or a thorough adherent of the theories impugned would have made a work more artistically telling because more coherently conceived. Kingsley is really feeling his way to a theory, and therefore undecided in his artistic attitude. The whole becomes patchy and indistinct. He is feverishly excited rather than deeply moved, and inconsistent when he ought to be compassionate. Briefly, he wants firmness of hand and definiteness of purpose, though there is no want of spasmodic vigor.

The two novels "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," are far more effective; and indeed "Alton Locke" may be fairly regarded as his best piece of work. It is not creditable to the discernment of the intelligent public that Kingsley should have been taken for a subversive revolutionist on the strength of these performances. The intelligent public indeed is much given to the grossest stupidity; and as Kingsley more or less deceived himself, it is not wonderful that he should have been misunderstood. He announced himself at a public meeting to be a Chartist; and when a man voluntarily adopts a nickname he must not be surprised if he is credited with all the qualities generally associated with it. In fact, however, he was not more of a genuine radical than when in later years he declared that he would, if he could, "restore the feudal system, the highest form of civiliza-

tion—in ideal, not in practice—which Europe has yet seen."\* There is much virtue in the phrase "not in practice;" and perhaps Kingsley was no more of a genuine feudalist than he was of a genuine Chartist. In his earlier phase he was simply playing a part which has often enough been attempted by very honest men. Missionaries of a new faith see the advantage of sapping the old creed instead of attacking it in front. Adopting its language and such of its tenets as are congenial to their own, they can gradually introduce a friendly garrison into the hostile fort. The conscious adoption of such a method might have been called Jesuitical by Kingsley, and in his mouth such an epithet would have been damnatory. But it was in all sincerity that he and his friends considered themselves to be the "true demagogues"—to quote the title of the chapter in which the moral of "Alton Locke" is embodied. They had not the slightest sympathy, indeed, with the tenets of the thorough-going radical. Kingsley believed in the social as much as in the ecclesiastical hierarchy; and with an intensity which almost amounted to bigotry. He would no more put down the squires than the parson; and himself a most energetic parson, he certainly did not undervalue the social importance of the function discharged by his order. In "Alton Locke" the bitterest satire is directed, not against self-indulgent nobles or pedantic prelates, but against the accepted leaders of the artisans. The "true demagogue," as is perfectly natural, holds the false demagogue in especial horror. Kingsley is the friend, not Cuffey. He hates the "Manchester school" as the commonplace version of radicalism and the analogue of the materialist school in politics. From these, he says,† in 1852, "heaven defend us; for of all narrow, conceited, hypocritical, and anarchic and atheistic schemes of the universe, the Manchester one is precisely the worst. I have no words to express my contempt for it." Briefly, Kingsley's remedy for speculative error was not the rejection, but the more spiritual interpretation of the old creed; and his remedy for bad squires and parsons was not disendowment and division of the land, but the raising up a better generation of parsons and squires.

There is a superficial resemblance between this theory and that of the Young England school, who, like Kingsley, would

\* Life, vol. ii., p. 357.

† Life, vol. i., p. 314.

have restored the feudal system in a purified state. Some of his writing runs parallel to Mr. Disraeli's exposition of that doctrine. The difference was, of course, vital. He hated mediæval revivalism as heartily as he hated the demagogues; and his prejudices against the whole order of ideas represented by the "Tracts for the Times" were perhaps the strongest of his antipathies. He looked back to the sixteenth, not to the twelfth century; and his ideal parson was to be no ascetic, but a married man, with a taste for field sports and fully sympathizing with the common sense of the laity. The Young England party seemed to him to desire the conversion of the modern laborer into a picturesque peasant, ready to receive doles at the castle-gate, and bow before the priest with bland subservience. Kingsley wanted to make a man of him; to give him self-respect and independence, not in a sense which would imply the levelling all social superiorities, but in the sense of assigning to him an honorable position in the social organization. He was no more to be petted or pauperized than to be set on a level with his social superiors or set loose without guidance from his intellectual teachers.

Some such doctrines would be verbally accepted by most men; and I cannot here ask whether they really require the teaching with which Kingsley associated them. The demagogues and the obstructives were both, according to him, on a wrong tack; and he could point out the one true method of reuniting development with order. Whatever the value of his theories, the sentiment associated with them was substantially healthy, vigorous, and elevated. That part of his fictions in which it is embodied is probably his most valuable work. Nobody can read the descriptions of the agricultural laborers or of the London artisan in "Yeast" and "Alton Locke" without recognizing both the strength of his sympathies and the vigor of his perceptive faculties. He was drawing from the life, and expressing his deepest emotions. "What is the use of preaching to hungry paupers about heaven?" he asks. "Sir, as my clerk said to me yesterday, there is a weight on their hearts, and they call for no hope and no change, for they know they can be no worse off than they are." The phrase explains what was the curse which rested upon Kingsley's parishioners, and in what sense he had to "redeem it from barbarism." He did his work like a man. He was daily with his people "in their cottages,

and made a point of talking to the men and boys at their field work till he was personally intimate with every soul, from the women at their wash-tubs to the babies in the cradle, for whom he had always a loving word and look." Whatever we may think of his "socialism" or "democracy," there was at least no want of depth or sincerity in his sympathy for the poor, and therefore there is no false ring in his description of their condition. He writes with his heart—not to serve any political purpose or to gain credit for a cheap display of charitable feeling.

These books, in fact, show, both by their defects and their merits, in what sense a novel may properly be subservient to a purpose. To draw a vivid picture of the life which he sees around him, or to draw it in such a way as to indicate a true appreciation of the most deeply-seated causes of the evil, is clearly as legitimate in an artistic as in a moral sense. No books can show more forcibly the dark side of the English society of the time. The side from which Kingsley views the evil is characteristic. The root of all that is good in man lies in the purity and vigor of the domestic affections. A condition of things in which the stability and health of the family becomes impossible is one in which the very foundations of society are being sapped. Nobody could be more alive to the countless mischiefs implied in the statement that the poor man has nothing deserving the name of home. The verses given to Tregarva in "Yeast" sum up his diagnosis of the social disease with admirable vigor. Many scenes in that rather chaotic story are equally vivid in their presentation of the facts. The description of the village feast is a bit of startlingly impressive realism. The poor sodden, hopeless, spiritless peasantry consoling themselves with strong drink and brutal songs, open to no impressions of beauty, with no sense of the romantic except in lawless passion, and too beaten down to have even a thought of rebellion except in the shape of agrarian outrage, are described with singular force. Poor Crawy, the poacher, scarcely elevated above the beasts, looking to the gaol and workhouse for his only refuge, so degraded that pity is almost lost in disgust, is the significant product of the general decay. The race is deteriorating. It has fallen vastly below the standard of the last generation. All the lads are "smaller, clumsier, lower-brained and weaker-jawed than their elders." Such higher feeling as remains takes the form of the dog-like

fidelity of Harry Verney, the gamekeeper. Kingsley never wrote a better scene than the death of the old man from a wound received in a poaching affray; when he suddenly springs upright in bed, holds out "his withered paw with a kind of wild majesty," and shouts, "There ain't such a head of hares on any manor in the county. And them's the last words of Harry Verney!"

"Alton Locke" is a more ambitious and coherent effort; and the descriptions of the London population, and of the futile attempt at a rising in the country, are in the same vigorous vein. Perhaps a more remarkable success is the old Scotchman, Mackaye, who seems to be the best of Kingsley's characters. He has some real humor, a quality in which Kingsley was for the most part curiously deficient; but one must expect that in this case he was drawing from an original. It is interesting to read Mr. Carlyle's criticism of this part of the book. "Saunders Mackaye," he says,\* "my invaluable countryman in this book, is nearly perfect; indeed I greatly wonder how you did contrive to manage him. His very dialect is as if a native had done it, and the whole existence of the rugged old hero is a wonderfully splendid and coherent piece of Scotch bravura." Perhaps an explanation of the wonder might be suggested; but, at any rate, Mackaye is a very felicitous centre for the various groups who play their parts in the story; and not the less efficient as a chorus because he is chiefly critical and confines himself to shrewd demonstrations of the folly of everybody concerned.

Mr. Carlyle gives as his final verdict that his impression is of "a fervid creation still left half chaotic." In fact, with all the genuine force of "Alton Locke"—and no living novelist has excelled the vividness of certain passages—there is an unsatisfactory side to the whole performance. It is marred by the feverishness which inspires most of his work. There is an attempt to crowd too much into the space, and the emphasis sometimes remains when the power is flagging. Greater reserve of power and more attention to unity of effect would have been required to make it a really great book. But the most unsatisfactory part is where the author forgets to be a novelist and becomes a preacher and a pamphleteer. The admirable heroine is forced to deliver what is to all purposes a commonplace tract of two or three chapters at the end of the

story, when her thoughts, to be effective, should really have been embedded in the structure of the story. Anybody can preach a sermon when no contradiction is allowed; but the novelist ought to show the thought translated into action, and not given in a raw shape of downright comment. As it is, Lady Ellerton is a mere lay-figure who can talk very edifying phrases, but is really tacked on to the outside of the narrative. The moral should have been evolved by the natural course of events; for when it is presented in this point-blank fashion we begin to cavil, and wish that the Chartist or Mackaye might be allowed to show cause against the sentence pronounced. As they can't, we do it for ourselves.

The historical novels which followed indicate a remarkable change. When he published "Two Years Ago," Kingsley had become reconciled to the world. There is an apparent inconsistency between the denouncer of social wrongs and the novelist who sings the praises of squires, patrons, and guardsmen, with a placid conviction that they sufficiently represent his ideal. The explanation is partly that, as I have said, Kingsley never accepted the revolutionary remedy for the grievances which he described. He was quite consistent in regarding the old creed as expressing the true mode of cure. But one must still ask whether the facts had changed. Was the world regenerated between 1848 and 1855? Were English laborers all properly fed, housed, and taught? Had the sanctity of domestic life acquired a new charm in the interval, and was the old quarrel between rich and poor definitively settled or in the way to settlement? That appears to have been Kingsley's own view, if we may judge from the prefaces prefixed to later editions of his book; and the great agency to which he assigns the strange improvement was the outbreak of the Crimean war. That crisis, it seems, had taught the higher classes a deeper sense of their responsibility and roused us from the dangerous slumber of peace and growing wealth. Mr. Herbert Spencer has lately expounded a very different theory as to the results of an increased intensity of the military spirit. Without discussing so wide a question, it may, I fancy, be pretty safely assumed that the future historian will not take quite this view of recent affairs, and will attribute any improvement that may have taken place to some deeper cause than that assigned. When a whole social order is rotting, as the author of "Yeast" sup-

\* Life, vol. i., p. 244.



posed ours to have been, it is not often cured by a little sputter of fighting; nor does the belief in the efficacy of such a remedy seem to fit in very well with a spiritual Christianity. Perhaps we may further assume, therefore, that the change was partly in Kingsley himself. If so, he was not the first man to account for an alteration in his personal outlook by a movement of the rest of the universe. His parish had been got into better order; his combative instinct had grown weaker; and, like other men who grow in years and domestic comfort, he had become more content with things in general. Fathers of families are capable, we know, of everything, and amongst other things, of softening the fervor of their early enthusiasms. There is nothing at all strange in the process; but it must be taken to illustrate the fact that, if Kingsley's sympathies were keen, his intellectual insight was not very deep. A man who holds that a social disease is so easily suppressed has not measured very accurately the constitutional disorder which it revealed.

"Two Years Ago," the book in which this conclusion is plainly announced, is in some respects a painful performance. It contains, indeed, some admirable descriptions of scenery; but the sentiment is poor and fretful. Tom Thurnall, intended to be an embodiment of masculine vigor, has no real stuff in him. He is a bragging, excitable, and at bottom sentimental person. All his swagger fails to convince us that he is a true man. Put beside a really simple and masculine nature like Dandie Dinmont, or even beside Kingsley's own Amyas Leigh, one sees his hollowness. The whole story leads up to a distribution of poetical justice in Kingsley's worst manner. He has a lamentable weakness for taking upon himself the part of Providence. "After all," he once wrote in "Yeast," "your 'Rake's Progress' and 'Atheist's Deathbed' do no more good than noble George Cruikshank's 'Bottle' will, because every one knows that they are the exception and not the rule; that the atheist generally dies with a conscience as comfortably callous as a rhinoceros-hide: and the rake, when age stops his power of sinning, becomes generally rather more respectable than his neighbors." It is a pity that Kingsley could not remember this true saying in later years. He seems to have grown too impatient to leave room for the natural evolution of events. He gives the machinery a jerk and is fidgety because the

wheels grind so slowly, though they "grind exceeding small."

Between "Alton Locke" and "Two Years Ago" there luckily intervened "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho!" They are brilliant and almost solitary exceptions to the general dreariness of the historical novel. To criticise them either from the historical or the artistic point of view would indeed be easy enough; but they have a vivacity which defies criticism. I have no doubt that "Hypatia" is fundamentally and hopelessly inaccurate, and that a sound historian would shudder at innumerable anachronisms and pick holes in every paragraph. I don't believe that men like the Goths ever existed in this world, and am prepared to give up the whole tribe of monks, pagans, Jews, and fathers of the Church. If "Westward Ho!" is (as I presume) less inaccurate because dealing with less distant ages, it is still too much of a party pamphlet to be taken for history. The Jesuits are probably caricatures, and Miss Ayacanora is a bit of rather silly melodrama. But it is difficult to say too much in favor of the singular animation and movement of both books. There is a want of repose, if you insist upon applying the highest canons of art; but the brilliance of description, the energy and rapidity of the action, simply disarms the reader. I rejoice in the Amal and Wulf and Raphael Aben Ezra, as I love Ivanhoe, and Front de Bœuf, and Wamba the Witless. The fight between "English mastiffs and Spanish bloodhounds" is almost as stirring as the skirmish of Drumclog in "Old Mortality." "Hypatia," according to Kingsley himself, was written with his heart's blood. Like other phrases of his, that requires a little dilution. But, at any rate, both books stand out for vividness, for a happy audacity and quickness of perception, above all modern attempts in the same direction.

The problems discussed in these historical novels and the solutions suggested are of course substantially the same as in his earlier books. The period of "Hypatia" bears a striking analogy to the present. In the heroes described in "Westward Ho!" he supposed himself to recognize the fullest realization of the fundamental doctrines of his own creed. Much might be said, were it worth saying, as to the accuracy of these assumptions. Kingsley's method is in any case too much tainted by the obvious tendency to see facts by the light of preconceived theories.



In the earlier writings he may be one-sided and exaggerated; but his imagination is at least guided by reference to actual observation. It seems as if in this later period he had instinctively turned away to distant periods where men and events might be more easily moulded into conformity with his prejudices. However skilful a man may be in accommodating fact to fancy, he is apt to find difficulties when he paints from the life around him. But when nobody can contradict you except a few prosaic antiquarians, the outside world becomes delightfully malleable. You do not find any fragments of rigid material in the clay which shapes itself so easily in your fingers. Kingsley has faith enough in his teaching to give a genuine glow to these hybrid beings begotten half of fancy half of the external world. But we feel too plainly that the work will not stand the test of close examination, either by the historian or the literary critic. Such a nemesis naturally overtakes men who admit too easily an appeal from fact to sentiment. They begin to lose the sense of reality, and their artistic work shows signs of flimsiness as their theories of arbitrary assumption. The great writer pierces to the true life of a period because he recognizes the necessity of conforming his beliefs to realities. The inferior writer uses his knowledge only to give coloring to his dreams, and his work tries to represent what he would like to be the truth instead of showing genuine insight into what is actually true.

Whatever else in Kingsley may have been affected or half-hearted, his appreciation of nature remained true and healthy to the end. If anything it became more intense as he seemed to grow weary of abstract discussions and turned for relief to natural scenes. Nobody has ever shown a greater power of investing with a romantic charm the descriptions of bird, beast, and insect. There are no more delightful books than those which express the naturalist's delight in country sights, from the days of Izaak Walton to White of Selborne, or Waterton, or our most recent discovery, the Scotch naturalist Edward. Amongst such writers, Kingsley is in the front rank; and his taste is combined with a power of catching wider aspects of scenery, such as few of our professional describers can unravel. It would be interesting to lay bare the secret of his power. He has done for Devon and Cornwall, for the heaths and chalk-streams of the southern counties, and even for the much depreciated fens, what Scott did for the High-

lands. One secret is of course the terseness and directness of his descriptions. He never lays himself out for a bit of deliberate bombast, and deals always with first-hand impressions. The writing is all alive. There is no dead matter of conventional phrases and imitative ecstasies. And again, his descriptions are always dramatic. There is a human being in the foreground with whom we sympathize. We do not lose ourselves in mystic meditations, we surrender ourselves to mere sensuous dreaming. We are in active, strenuous enjoyment; beguiling the trout of his favorite chalk-streams, sailing under the storm-beaten cliffs of Lundy, and drinking in the rich sea-breeze that sweeps over Dartmoor, or galloping with clenched teeth through the fir-woods of Eversley. One characteristic picture — to take one at random from a thousand — is the homeward ride of Zeal-for-Truth Thoresby of Thoresby Rise in Deeping Fen as he rides slowly homeward after Naseby fight along one of the fen-droves. One could swear that one had been with him, as Kingsley no doubt was merely embodying the vivid recollection of some old Cambridge expedition into the Bedford Level, a scenery which has a singular and mysterious charm, though few besides Kingsley have succeeded in putting it on paper.

Some wonder has been wasted on Kingsley's descriptions of the tropical scenery which he had never seen. Even men of genius do not work miracles; and so far as I know, they always blunder in such attempts. Johnson showed his usual sense in regard to a similar criticism upon the blind poet, Blacklock. If, he said, you found that a paralytic man had left his room, you would explain the wonder by supposing that he had been carried. Similarly, the explanation of Kingsley and of Blacklock is that they described not what they had seen but what they had read. The description in "Westward Ho!" may easily be traced to Humboldt and other sources where they are not explicable by a visit to Kew Gardens. A minute criticism would show that they are little more than catalogues of gorgeous plants and strange beasts; and show none of those vivid touches, so striking from their fidelity, which give animation to his descriptions of English scenery. In his pictures of Devonshire we can tell the time of the day and night and the state of the weather as clearly as if he were a meteorologist. In South America he leaves us to generalities. The true secret of his success is different. He describes vividly not the outward fact,

but the inward enjoyment. One need not go to the tropics to imagine the charm of luxurious indolence. Perhaps we enjoy it the more because we have not really been exposed to its inconveniences. The dazzling of the eye by blazing sunlight and brilliant colors, the relief given by the cool deep streams under luxuriant foliage, the vague consciousness of wondrous forms of life lurking in the forest depths, can be realized without any special accuracy of portraiture. The contagion to which we are really exposed is that of the enthusiasm with which Kingsley had read his favorite books of travel. But of downright description there is little, and that little not very remarkable. If anybody doubts it he may read the passage of river scenery which concludes with a quotation from Humboldt, and observe how vividly the fragment of actual observation stands out from the mere catalogue of curiosities, or, again, with any of Kingsley's own Devonshire scenes, where every touch shows loving familiarity with details and a consequent power of selecting just the most speaking incidents.

We may put two passages beside each other which will illustrate the difference. Describing, after Humboldt, the mid-day calm of the forest, he says, "The birds' notes died out one by one; the very butterflies ceased their flitting over the tree-tops, and slept with outspread wings upon the glassy leaves, undistinguishable from the flowers around them. Now and then a colibri whirled downward towards the water, hummed for a moment round some pendent flower, and then the living gem was lost in the deep darkness of the inner wood, among tree-trunks as huge and dark as the pillars of some Hindoo shrine; or a parrot swung and screamed at them from an overhanging bough; or a thirsty monkey slid lazily down a liana to the surface of the stream, dipped up the water in his tiny hand, and started chattering back, as his eyes met those of some foul alligator peering upward through the clear depths below." This and more is good enough, but there is nothing which would not suggest itself to a visitor to the British Museum or the Zoological Gardens. It is a catalogue, and rather too full a catalogue, of curiosities, without one of those vivid touches which reveals actual observation. At the end of the same volume, we have a real sketch from nature. Amyas and his friends walk to the cliffs of Lundy: "As they approached, a raven, who sat upon the topmost stone, black against the bright blue sky, flapped lazily away, and

sank down the abysses of the cliff, as if he had scented the corpses beneath the surge. Below them, from the gull-rock rose a thousand birds, and filled the air with sound; the choughs cackled, the hacklets wailed, the great black-backs laughed querulous defiance at the intruders, and a single falcon, with an angry bark, darted out from beneath their feet, and hung poised high aloft, watching the sea-fowl which swung slowly round and round below." That gives the atmospheric effect, and what we may call the dramatic character. Every phrase suggests a picture, and the whole description, of which I have quoted a bit, has real unity of effect, instead of being a simple enumeration of details.

When one reads some passages inspired by this hearty and simple-minded love of nature, one is sometimes half tempted to wish that Kingsley could have put aside his preachings, social, theological, and philosophical, and have been content with a function for which he was so admirably adapted. The men who can feel and make others feel the charms of beautiful scenery and stimulate the love for natural history do us a service which, if not the highest, is perhaps the most unalloyed by any mixture of evil. Kingsley would have avoided many errors and the utterance of much unsatisfactory dogmatism if he could have limited himself to such a duty. But to do so he must have been a man of narrower sympathies, less generous temper, and less hearty hatred of all evil influences. We could hardly wish him to have been other than he was, though we may wish that he had developed under more favorable circumstances. The weaknesses which marred his work and led to the exhaustion of his faculties were to be regretted, but were not such as to diminish the affection deserved by so cordial a nature. He is more or less responsible for those rather offensive persons, the viking and the muscular Christian. The viking, I suppose, must have been a humbug like other products of graphic history, and too much has been made of his supposed share in our ancestry. Kingsley had a feminine tenderness and an impatient excitability indicative of a different ancestry. He admires the huge, full-blooded barbarians, but only belongs to them on one side. He is as near to his delicate as to his muscular heroes, to Francis as to Amyas Leigh, and to the morbid poet, Vavasour, as to the more vigorous Tom Thurnall. In these days, when the viking or Berserker

element seems to be dying out of our literature, even this qualified and external worship of muscular vigor is valuable. There is something hectic and spasmodic about it, though it implies a homage to more healthy ideals. Kingsley, at any rate, hated the namby-pamby, and he tried, with too obvious an effort, to be simple and unaffected. His aims were thoroughly noble, though marred by his want of reserve and of intellectual stamina. He was too timid or too impatient to work out consistent theories or acquire much depth of conviction. But with all his shortcomings he succeeded in giving forcible utterance to truths of vital importance, though possibly requiring more embodiment, and brought vividly before our minds problems which most urgently press for a solution more satisfactory than he was able to reach.

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From The Examiner.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HOME-COMING.

OF course they did not quarrel. We live in the nineteenth century. Tolerance of opinion exists in the domestic circle as well as elsewhere; and no reasonable man would like his wife to be that vague and colorless reproduction of her husband which Lady Sylvia, all unknown to Balfour, had striven to be. She ought to have her own convictions; she ought to know how to govern her own conduct; nay, more, he would allow her to do as she pleased. There was but one condition attached. "You shall have your own way in everything," said the man in the story to his wife; "but you can't expect to have my way too." Lady Sylvia was welcome to act as she pleased; but then he reserved the same liberty for himself.

This decision he came to without any bitterness of feeling. He was quite anxious to make all possible excuses for her. Doubtless she preferred Surrey to Piccadilly. It is true he had looked forward to her being a valuable helpmeet to him in his political life; but it was perhaps expecting too much of her that she should at once interest herself in the commonplace incidents of an election. He would

be well content if this beautiful, tender-eyed creature, whose excessive sensitiveness of conscience was, after all, only the result of her ignorance of the world, were to wait for him in that sylvan retreat, ready to receive him and cheer him with the sweet solicitude of her loving ways. And in the mean time, he would try to make their companionship as pleasant as possible; he would try to make this journey one to be remembered with pride and gratitude. If there were one or two subjects which they avoided in conversation, what of that?

And as soon as Lady Sylvia heard that the Chorleys and Mr. Bolitho had left Mainz, she became more tender and affectionate than ever towards her husband, and would do anything to meet his wishes. Learning that certain of his political friends were at the moment at Luzern, she offered to go thither at once, so that he might have something to interest him apart from the monotony of a wedding-trip; and, although, of course, he did not accept the offer, he recognized her intention, and was grateful to her. Was it not enough occupation for him to watch the effect on this ingenuous mind of the new wonders that she saw — as they went on to Schaffhausen, and the Tyrol, and Verona, and Venice?

In their hotel at Venice, Balfour ran against a certain Captain Courtenay, with whom he had a slight acquaintance. They had a chat in the evening, in the smoking-room.

"Seen Major Blythe, lately?" said Balfour, among other things.

"No," answered the other, somewhat coldly.

"You don't know, I suppose," asked Balfour, quite unconcernedly, "how that business at the C—— Club came off?"

The young man with the fair moustache eyed him narrowly. It is not a safe thing to tell a man evil things of his relatives, unless you know how they stand with regard to each other.

"Yes, I do know — eh — an unfortunate business — very. Fact is, Blythe wouldn't explain. I suppose there was some delay about the posting of that letter; and — and — I have no doubt that he would have paid the money next day if he had not been bullied about it. You see, a man does not like to be challenged in that way, supposing he has made a trifling mistake —"

"Yes," said Balfour, nodding his head in acquiescence; "but how was it settled?"

"Well," said the other, with some embarrassment, "the fact is — well, the committee — don't you know? — had to enforce the rules — and he wouldn't explain — and, in fact, he got a hint to resign —"

"Which he took, of course."

"I believe so."

Balfour said nothing further; but in his mind he coupled a remark or two with the name of Major the Honorable Stephen Blythe which that gentleman would have been startled to hear.

Then he went up-stairs to the sitting-room, and found Lady Sylvia at the open casement, looking out on the clear, blue-green, lambent twilight.

"Well, good wife," said he, gaily, "are you beginning to think of trudging home now? We ought to see a little of the Lilacs before all the leaves are gone. And there won't be much to keep me in London now, I fancy; they are getting more and more certain that the government won't bring on the dissolution before the new year."

She rose, and put a hand on each of his shoulders, and looked up into his face with grateful and loving eyes.

"That is so kind of you, Hugh. It will be so pleasant for us to get to know what home really is — after all these hotels! And you will be in time for the pheasants; I know several people will be so glad to have you."

Of course the merest stranger would be delighted to have so distinguished a person as Mr. Balfour come and shoot his pheasants for him; failing that, would she not herself, like a loyal and dutiful wife, go to her few acquaintances down there and represent to them the great honor they might have of entertaining her husband?

"I see there is to be a demonstration on the part of the agricultural laborers," said he, "down in Somersetshire. I should like to see that — I should like to have a talk with some of their leaders. But I am afraid we could not get back in time."

"My darling," she protested, seriously, "I can start at five minutes' notice. We can go to-night, if you wish!"

"Oh no, it isn't worth while," said he, absently. And then he continued: "I'm afraid your friends, the clergymen, are making a mistake as regards that question. I don't know who these leaders are; I should like to know more precisely their character and aims; but it will do no good to call them agitators, and suggest that they should be ducked in horse-ponds —"

"It is infamous!" said Lady Sylvia.

She knew nothing whatever about it. But she would have believed her husband if he had told her that St. Mark's was made of green cheese.

"I mean that it is unwise," said he without any enthusiasm. "Christ meant his Church to be the Church of the poor. The rich man has a bad time of it in the gospels. And you may depend on it that if you produce among the poorer classes the feeling that the Church of England is on the side of the rich — is the natural ally of the squires, landlords, and other employers — you are driving them into the hands of the Dissenters, and hastening on disestablishment."

"And serve them right, too," said she, boldly, "if they betray their trust. When the Church ceases to be of the nation, let it cease to be the national Church!"

This was a pretty speech. How many weeks before was it that Lady Sylvia was vowing to uphold her beloved Church against all comers, but more especially against a certain malignant iconoclast of the name of Mrs. Chorley? And now she was not only ready to assume that one or two random and incautious speeches represented the opinion of the whole of the clergymen of England, but she was also ready to have the connection between Church and State severed in order to punish those recusants.

"I am not sure," said Balfour, apparently taking no notice of this sudden recantation, "that something of that feeling has not been produced already. The working-man of the towns jeers at the parson. The agricultural laborer distrusts him; and will grow to hate him if he takes the landlord's side in this matter. Now, why does not the Archbishop of Canterbury seize the occasion? Why does he not come forward and say: 'Hold a bit, my friends. Your claims may be just; or they may be exorbitant: that is a matter for careful inquiry; and you must let your landlords be heard on the other side. But, whatever happens, don't run away with the notion that the Church has no sympathy with you; that the Church is the ally of your landlord; that it is the interest of your parson to keep you poor, ill-fed, ill-lodged, and ignorant. On the contrary, who knows so much about your circumstances? Who more fitting to become the mediator between you and your landlord? You may prefer to have leaders from your own ranks to fight your battles for you; but don't imagine that the parson looks on unconcerned, and above all don't expect to find him in league with your



opponents.' Some mischief could be avoided that way, I think."

"Hugh," said she, with a sudden burst of enthusiasm, "I will go down to Somersetshire with you."

"And get up on a chair and address a crowd," said he, with a smile. "I don't think they would understand your speech, many of them."

"Well," said she, "perhaps I shall be better employed in making the Lilacs look very pretty for your return. And I shall have those slippers made up for you by that time. And, oh, Hugh—I wanted to ask you—don't you think we should have those cane rocking-chairs taken away from the smoking-room, now the colder evenings are coming in, and morocco easy-chairs put in their stead?"

"I am sure whatever you do will be right," said he.

"And papa will be back from Scotland then," said she. "And he writes me that my uncle and his family are going down for a few days; and it will be so pleasant to have a little party to meet us at the station—"

The expression of his face changed suddenly.

"Did you say your uncle?" said he, with a cold stare.

"Yes," said she, with innocent cheerfulness; "it will be quite pleasant to have some friends to welcome us, after our long stay among strangers. And I know papa will want us to go straight to the Hall, and dine there; and it will be so nice to see the dear old place—will it not?"

"No doubt," said he; and then he added, "Sylvia, if any invitation of that sort reaches you, you may accept for yourself, if you wish, but please leave me out of it."

She looked up, and perceived the singular alteration in his look; he had become cold, reserved, firm.

"What do you mean, Hugh?" she cried.

"Only this," said he, speaking distinctly. "I prefer not to dine at Willowby Hall, if your uncle is there. I do not wish to meet him."

"Why?" she said in amazement.

"I am not a talebearer," he answered.

"It is enough for me that he is not the sort of person with whom I wish to sit down at table. More than that—but I am only expressing an opinion, mind; I don't wish to control your conduct—I think it might be better if you were to allow your acquaintance with your uncle's family quietly to drop."

"Do you mean," said she with the pale face becoming slightly flushed, "that I am to resolve not to see those relatives of mine any more—without having a word of reason for it?"

"I wished to spare you needless pain," said he in quite a gentle way. "If you want to know, I will tell you. To begin with, I don't think your uncle's dealings in regard to money matters are characterized by that precision—that—that scrupulous accuracy—"

"I understand," she said quickly, and the color in her face deepened. "But I did not expect you, of all men in the world, to reproach any one for his poverty. I did not expect that. My uncle is poor, I know—"

"Pardon me, Sylvia, I never made your uncle's lack of money a charge against him! I referred to a sort of carelessness—forgetfulness, let us say—as regards other people's money. However, let that pass. The next thing is more serious. As I understand, your uncle has been involved in some awkward business—arising from whist-playing—at the C—Club; and I hear this evening that he has resigned in consequence."

"Who told you that?"

"Captain Courtenay."

"The gentleman who is staying in this hotel?"

"Yes."

"Have you anything else to say against my uncle?" she demanded.

"I think I have said enough; I would rather have said nothing at all."

"And you ask me," she said, with some indignation in her voice, "to cut myself adrift from my relatives because you have listened to some story told by a stranger in a coffee-room. What do I know about Captain Courtenay? How can he tell what explanation my uncle may have of his having resigned that club? I must say, Hugh, your request is a most extraordinary one."

"Now, now, Sylvia," he said, good-naturedly, "you know I made no request; I do not wish to interfere in the slightest way with your liberty of action. It is true that I don't think your uncle and his family are fit people for you to associate with; but you must act as you think best. I, for one, don't choose to be thrown into their society."

Now Lady Sylvia had never had any great affection for her aunt, and she was not likely to hold her cousin Honoria in dear remembrance; but after all her rel-

atives were her relatives, and she became indignant that they should be spoken of in this way.

"Why did you make no objection before? Why did you go and dine at their house?"

He laughed.

"It suited my purpose to go," said he, "for I expected to spend a pleasant evening with you."

"You saw nothing wrong in my visiting them then?"

"Then I had no right to offer you advice."

"And now that you have," said she, with a proud and hurt manner, "what advice do I get? I am not to see my own relations. They are not proper persons. But I suppose the Chorleys are: is that the sort of society you wish me to cultivate? At all events," she added, bitterly, "my relatives happen to have an  $\frac{1}{2}$  or two in their possession."

"*Sylvia*," said he, going over and patting her on the shoulder, "you are offended — without cause. You can see as much of your uncle's family as you please. I had no idea you were so passionately attached to them."

That ended the affair for the moment; but during the next few days, as they travelled by easy stages homewards, an ominous silence prevailed as to their plans and movements subsequent to their reaching England. At Dover she found a telegram awaiting her at the hotel; without a word she put it before her husband. It was from Lord Willowby, asking his daughter by what train she and her husband would arrive, so that the carriage might be waiting for them.

"What shall I say?" she asked at length.

"Well," said he, slowly, "if you are anxious to see your relatives, and to spend some time with them, telegraph that you will be by the train that leaves Victoria at 5.15. I will take you down to the Lilacs; but I must leave you there. It will suit me better to spend a few days in town at present."

Her face grew very pale.

"I don't think," she said, "I need trouble you to go down with me. I can get to Victoria by myself. 5.15 I think you said?"

She rang for a blank telegraph-form.

"What are you going to do?" said Bal-four, struck by something peculiar in her manner.

"I am going to telegraph to papa to meet me at the station, as I shall be alone."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said he, gently but firmly. "You may associate with what people you please — and welcome; only there must be no public scandal as regards the relations between you and me. Either you will go on with me to Piccadilly, and remain there; or I go down with you to the Lilacs, and leave you to go over to the Hall if you wish to do so."

She telegraphed to her father that they had postponed their return to the Lilacs, and would remain in town for the present. She bought a shilling novel at the station, and silently and assiduously cried behind it the greater part of the journey up to town. Arrived in London, the poor martyr suffered herself to be dragged away to that lonely house in Piccadilly. It was a sorrowful home-coming.

Then the cup of her sorrows was not yet full. With an inhuman cruelty her husband (having had his own ends served) sought to make light of the whole matter. All that evening he tried to tease her into a smile of reconciliation; but her wrongs lay too heavily upon her. He had even the brutality to ask her whether she could invite the Chorleys to dine with them on the following Friday; and whether they had not better get a new dessert-service for the occasion. He did well, she thought, to mention the Chorleys. These were the people he considered it fit that she should meet: her own relatives he would debar.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.

#### A COMING CLOSE APPROACH OF MARS.

IN August 1719 a ruddy star, far brighter than any of that color which persons then living remembered to have seen, was observed shining towards the south at midnight. Astronomers knew it to be the planet Mars, but Mars had not shone so resplendently for seventy-nine years, nor was the planet again to shine so brightly for seventy-nine years to come. Persons who were ignorant or who knew but little of astronomy supposed that some new star had made its appearance. Baron de Zach, in his "*Correspondance Astronomique*," states that considerable alarm was experienced on this account. In 1798 the idea was again entertained by many that a new star was shining in the heavens, though men do not appear to have been much alarmed in consequence. In the autumn of the present year the planet

Mars will present a similar appearance of unusual splendor, and as he will not be seen under such favorable conditions again during the present century, or indeed during the lifetime of any of the astronomers now living, considerable interest is attached to the circumstance, and preparations are being made in all observatories for the careful study of the planet's position and appearance.

It may be interesting, before proceeding to describe the features of interest which this planet presents, and especially the circumstances which render astronomers anxious to observe Mars with exceptional care during his approaching visit, to explain why the planet is much more favorably placed for observation on some occasions than on others. It is singular how little is generally known, even by many who read books of astronomy, respecting either the real or the apparent motions of the planets. Indeed, one may go a little further and say that few are aware even how the stars are carried by the diurnal motion round the vault of the heavens, though the motion is going on unchangingly, hour by hour, day by day, year by year. The astronomer royal once told me that he was satisfied many well-educated persons had never noticed the fact that the stars rise and set (many of them) and are carried over from east to west like the sun and the moon. How easily such matters may escape attention is shown also by the fact that in a little primer of astronomy, prepared by one who has observed the celestial bodies with the telescope, the strange mistake is made of describing the stars which pass overhead in London as rising and setting on a slant, whereas in point of fact *those* stars never rise and set at all, or come within two dozen moon-breadths of the horizon. But it is less surprising that the motions of the planets should be unfamiliar to many, for these motions, though really simple enough, are, in appearance, very complicated. Nor can they be recognized or thoroughly understood in a few nights, or even in many years, from actual unassisted observation of the heavens. If the planet Mars, for example, were simply watched as he traversed the star sphere, and his place mapped down night after night when he could be seen (the parts of his track where he could not be seen being filled in by inference), he would be found to move in the following strange way. After travelling awhile as the sun does in his yearly course (forwards let us call this motion) he stops, goes a goodly distance

back, and then advances again, his track thus making an irregular loop. Then he advances again, going more than round the star sphere again, and makes another backward loop, about a seventh of a circuit in advance of his former loop. Again he goes more than once round advancingly, and then makes another backward loop; and so on continually, each loop lying rather less than a seventh of a circuit of the heavens in front of the preceding loop. Thus rather more than seven of these advances, each with its corresponding backward loop, carry the loops once round the heavens; so that if the track, for instance, had been marked down on a globe, there would be a crown of loops, so to speak, round the globe, besides seven circlings. Or, to use a strange, but, I think, effective illustration — suppose a person's head to represent the star sphere; imagine a cord passed once round the head, passing from right ear over forehead to left ear, and a loop made on the forehead, the cord carried again round the head and a loop made over the left temple, the cord carried again round and a loop made a little back of the left ear, and so on until a set of seven loops had been made, the cord making rather more than a complete circuit between each. Then, roughly, the set of circuits and loops would represent the apparent circuits and loopings of the track of Mars during an interval comprising seven of his returns to our night skies.

Now it is when in the middle of one of his downward loops that Mars is at his nearest for that visit, and most favorably placed for observation, because shining highest above the horizon at midnight. The average interval between these occasions amounts to about two years and fifty days; so that one may say that Mars is well placed for observation at intervals of about this length. But although this is in a general sense true, there is a great difference between the circumstances under which he is seen at different returns of this kind. His path and the earth's path round the sun may be compared to the track followed by the extremities of the minute hand and hour hand of an ordinary clock, the earth having the inside (or hour-hand) track. The rates of motion, however, are not like those of the clock hands. The earth on the inside track goes round once in a year; Mars on the outside track once in six hundred and eighty-seven days, or about six weeks short of two years. The two hands of the mighty clock come together — that is,

the earth and Mars come to be placed like the ends of the hour hand and minute hand of a clock at noon, or at any other time when the hands are together — once in about two years and fifty days. Then the earth is at its nearest to Mars; Mars also, being on the side of the earth remote from the sun — the centre of our imagined clock-face — is highest above the horizon when the sun is lowest below the horizon, or at midnight. Moreover, Mars turning the same face towards both the earth and the sun, we see him fully and fairly illuminated. If my dial illustration were perfect, all these occasions would be alike each equally favorable for the study of the planet. But Mars does not travel in a circle round the sun as centre in the same way that the end of a minute hand travels in a circle round the common axis of hour and minute hand. To make the illustration exact, or rather more exact, the hour hand alone must be supposed to turn round an axis at the centre of the clock-face, while the minute hand turns round an axis somewhat eccentrically placed. Say the minute hand and hour hand are respectively about ten inches and six and a half inches long, then the minute hand must turn round an axis very nearly an inch from the centre. It is easily seen that when the two hands come together, the distance between their ends will vary considerably according to the place where the conjunction happens. If it is on the side where the eccentric axis lies, the distance will be nearly an inch more than the mean distance; or, this last being three and a half inches, the distance between the ends of the hands will be nearly four and a half inches. On the opposite side the distance will be correspondingly reduced, and will be little more than two and a half inches. Thus the distances between the two hands will vary between these very different values — four and a half inches, and two and a half inches.

Such is the case with the orbit of Mars. He has a mean distance from the sun of about one hundred and forty millions of miles, the earth's mean distance being about ninety-two millions, according to the results obtained from the recent transit of Venus. Thus, the average distance separating the two planets when Mars is at one of his near approaches already described, or in opposition, as it is called, amounts to about forty-eight millions of miles. But the centre of his path, which in *shape* is very nearly circular, is separated by more than thirteen millions of

miles from the sun; so that his distance from us on these occasions, instead of being always about forty-eight millions of miles, ranges from about sixty-one millions to about thirty-five millions. Here I have taken no account of the fact that the earth's path also has its centre displaced from the sun; but the displacement, being only about one and one-half millions of miles, is much less important than the other. It so chances, however, that it increases the variation in the distance of Mars from us when he is in opposition, so that the actual range is from nearly sixty-two millions of miles to little more than thirty-four millions.

Now, it will be very obvious to the reader that we study Mars under much more favorable conditions when he is but thirty-four or thirty-five millions of miles from us than when his distance amounts to sixty-one or sixty-two millions of miles. The difference will be appreciated if we compare the appearance of the same object at thirty-four and sixty-one feet or yards, or at three hundred and forty and six hundred and ten yards, if more convenient. The apparent size of his disc is greater at the less than at the greater distance in the proportion of about three to one, and the apparent area of any part of his surface increased in the same degree. But this is not all. Not only is he nearer to us, but he is nearer also to the sun by twenty-six millions of miles; and although not nearer in the same degree (for amount and degree are different things), yet still there is a quite appreciable difference in the illumination of his surface. Thirteen millions of miles is a less important part of his mean distance from the sun — one hundred and forty millions — than of his mean opposition distance — forty-eight millions of miles — yet it tells; for illumination diminishes as the square of the distance from the illuminating body. Making the calculation for this case, we find that Mars when at his nearest to the sun is more brightly illuminated than when at his farthest, in the proportion of about sixteen to eleven. Combining this with the increase of the apparent size of his disc, we find that he would be brighter when absolutely at his nearest, than when making one of his opposition approaches under least favorable conditions, in the proportion of forty-eight to eleven, or much more than four to one. It is because of this wide range of opposition splendor that Mars sometimes surprises those unacquainted with astronomy by his unusual brightness. Next autumn he



will look like a new star to those who have never seen him under such favorable conditions, for he will then come to opposition when very near his place of nearest approach to the sun.\* In direction, he will not be farther from that place than the minute hand of a clock is from the noon point one and two-thirds minutes after passing it.

I may pause here for a moment to consider a difficulty which has probably occurred to the thoughtful reader. If, after making about seven of his nearest approaches, Mars has carried them (so to speak) once round the celestial sphere, the interval between each and the next averaging only two years and fifty days, it would seem that once in about seven times this interval, or in about fifteen years, he should make his near approach in the most favorable part of his orbit, whereas at the beginning of this essay I spoke of an interval of seventy-nine years as separating the great splendors of the planet of war. The fact really is, that Mars's variation of distance is sufficient to cause a moderate displacement from his place of nearest approach to tell considerably on his brightness. Now, if we take seven times two years and fifty days, we get, not fifteen years exactly, but fifteen years less fifteen days. If we had taken the former period rightly, for it is really somewhat less than two years and fifty days, we get fifteen years less nineteen and one-half days. And these nineteen and one-half days make a great difference. As the reader knows, the heaven of the fixed stars is carried once round in a year, so that in nineteen and one-half days it is carried round by about one-nineteenth part, and it is this portion of a circuit which will separate Mars's place of nearest approach in the year 1892 (fifteen years, that is, hence) from the place among the stars where we shall see him at his brightest this year. Seventeen years later, or in 1909, he will be about ten days' journey on the other side of this last-named spot; but he will not make a near approach to it for seventy-nine years from now. It does so chance that in 1892 he will not be much less bright than this year, for the place of his return at seventy-nine yearly intervals to the part of the sky where he

was so very bright in 1719 is slowly passing away from the actual point of nearest approach. He was less than three degrees from it in 1719, some six degrees from it in 1798, and he will be about ten degrees from it next September. At the return in 1956 he will be thirteen degrees from it, and thereafter these seventy-nine yearly returns will not be notable. Fifteen years latter, or in August 1971, the planet will be more favorably seen (about as favorably as this year), and at seventy-nine-yearly intervals from that later date Mars will be more and more splendid at each return (after the interval named), during three or four centuries. But it will be better for us to observe him well next autumn than to consider how he will look in August and September, A.D. 2188.

The interest of his approaching visit does not reside chiefly in the fact that his physical appearance may then be studied under most favorable conditions. His approach interests astronomers for the same reason that the recent transit of Venus interested them, viz., as supplying a means whereby the sun's distance may be re-measured. Let us consider why this is.

When we speak of determining the sun's distance, we mean, in reality, determining the dimensions of the solar system. We know the proportions of that system perfectly, but we wish to know also its scale. And precisely as the measurement of any part whatever of a building of known proportions would give the size of the whole or of any other part, so the measurement of any part of the solar system (outside the orbit of our own special companion orb, the moon) will give the dimensions of the entire system. Astronomers naturally select parts of the solar system as near the earth as possible, as for instance, that part of the orbit of our next neighbor Venus where she comes nearest to the earth, or that part of the orbit of our next neighbor on the other side, the ruddy Mars, where he comes nearest to the earth. Venus, lying on a track inside the earth's, is unfortunately placed when nearest to us; for when we look towards her at that time we look towards the sun—it is broad day, and Venus only to be detected with powerful telescopes, if at all. When, at that time, she chances to come so exactly between the earth and sun as to cross the sun's face, the case is altered; then her position can be correctly observed from parts of the earth far apart (giving, as it were, a base line), and her distance thus determined, whence we infer the distance of the sun.

\* As a rule I object strongly to the use of technical terms in descriptions intended for popular use. But there are occasions when they are necessary to avoid verbosity. I have explained above what is meant by the opposition of Mars, comparing it to the proximity of the end of the minute hand to the end of the hour hand of a clock when the two hands come together.

Mars, when at his nearest, is not quite so near, and so is less suited for the purpose of astronomers than the planet of love in that respect. She at her nearest lies some twenty-five million miles from us, he some thirty-four million miles. But in all other respects he is, at such a time, a far more suitable object of observation than Venus when at her nearest, and even — there is reason to believe — than Venus in transit. To begin with, he shows a bright disk on a dark sky. Then he remains well placed for observation for a fortnight or so, and fairly placed for a month or two. The dark sky has stars upon it, not only those visible to the naked eye, but the tens of thousands of stars brought into view with the telescope; and the stars nearest to the planet serve to enable astronomers to determine very exactly the planet's position. Now, what the astronomer wants is to determine to what degree the planet's position is affected by the position of the observer on the earth. If two observers at the end of a long terrestrial base-line, say a line five or six thousand miles in length, see the planet at points on the star vault measurably distant from each other, the planet's distance is determinable. The planet lies at the apex, in fact, of a very long triangle of which that terrestrial base-line of five or six thousand miles is the very short base; and the observed very small displacement measures the very small apex angle. Base and apex angle of a triangle having equal long sides being known, the length of these sides is known — that is, in this case, the planet's distance. That known, the sun's distance, or any other dimension of the solar system, can at once be determined.

That is one way in which the near approach of the planet Mars can be utilized for the purpose we are considering. But it is not the only way, or the best way. It is in one sense the simplest, and the most easily understood, for the process is, in essentials, the very same which a land-surveyor applies to determine the distance of a remote object — church, or castle, or rock, as the case may be. He observes it from either end of a measured base-line, and, noting the difference of direction, determines by a simple calculation the distance of the object. The method was naturally the first to suggest itself to astronomers. It was also employed successfully, not indeed before the other methods presently to be described, but before any of the other methods which have been used by astronomers. Even in

the old rough observing days of Tycho Brahe and Kepler something was obtained from observations of Mars, though not by this method, for Kepler, from observations made by Tycho, was able to assert that the sun's distance was certainly not less than thirteen millions of miles — but might be many times greater. The fact was, as Kepler saw, that as yet observation was not exact enough to show any measurable displacement of the planet. Cassini, towards the end of the seventeenth century, comparing observations of Mars by himself and other astronomers in France with others made by Richer at Cayenne, deduced for the sun's distance eighty-five million five hundred thousand miles — a very fair approach to the truth for those days.

The other method may be thus described. Imagine an observer on Mars at the time when observations by the first method are being made. The dark side of the earth would be turned towards him, but suppose he could see it, and see also the two stations whence he was being observed, one in the northern hemisphere, the other in the southern. The angle between the two lines of sight from our Martial observer to these two stations would be just the angle which the two terrestrial astronomers would want to determine. It would, of course, be very small, for the earth seen from Mars is not so large as Venus seen from the earth, and we know what a mere bright point of light she looks like. Now our observer on Mars would recognize not only a distance, though small, between the two stations north and south of our equator, but also a similar distance between two stations on the east and west of the small disc of the earth. It might occur to him that two observers placed at such stations would have quite as good a chance of determining his distance as the two placed north and south of the equator; only, he would reason, that distant earth is rotating from west to east, and observers stationed far apart on an east and west line would have their position seriously affected by such rotation, and so not be able to make satisfactory observations, unless absolutely sure about the time, and therefore about their position as affected by rotation. He would, therefore, reject that method as unsuitable; for two observers, thousands of miles apart east and west, would not be able to compare their time with the necessary exactitude. But, he might go on to reason, by that earth's rotation one and the same observer is carried from

the east to the west of the disc in about twelve hours of our Martial day, which is not very different from the day of those terrestrial folk. Why should not a terrestrial make observations when on the western side (soon after evening twilight the time would be for terrestrials), and, after waiting nearly twelve hours, make observations from the eastern side (shortly before morning twilight)? The two lines of sight would be inclined to each other quite as much as two lines from the north and south; the same observer would do the work with the same instruments; and if terrestrial astronomers generally could not calculate the effects due to the rotation and to the planet's motion in the interval, then (would the Martialist say) they are not the men I take them to be, or worthy to live on a globe so much better suited for the work of measuring the solar system than is this small orb on which we Martialists live.

The method of observation suggested to our imagined Martialist occurred early to our English astronomer, Flamsteed. It depends on noting Mars from the same station in early evening, when the station is as far as possible to the west, and in the morning, when the same station is as far as possible to the east, of an imaginary line joining the centre of the earth and Mars. Rotation accomplishes, in the course of some ten hours or so, the work of shifting the astronomer's position as effectually as, by the other method, a month or so of travelling would do it. And whereas by the other method two different astronomers are at work with different instruments, by this method the same observer and the same telescope are employed throughout. Flamsteed was not very successful in applying the method, his estimate of the sun's distance amounting to only eighty-two million miles, some ten millions short of the true distance. But recently it has been very successfully applied, as, for instance, in 1862, when it gave for the sun's distance some ninety-two million three hundred thousand miles, according to Professor Newcomb's calculation, which is within half a million miles of the true distance. We may fairly expect that this year it will be still more successfully employed.

I wish to call some attention in passing to the fact that an expedition to the Mauritius has been proposed for the observation of Mars by this method. Mars will be better seen from places south of the equator than from northern stations. The reason is simply that, when most favorably

placed, at the beginning of September, he will be close to that part of the heavens where the sun is, half a year from that time, or in the beginning of March, when, as we know, the sun is somewhat south of the equator. Thus he is seen low down from our northerly latitudes. In the southern hemisphere, for the same reason, he will be seen above the equator, for in that hemisphere, as we know, the celestial equator lies above the northern horizon, instead of above the southern as with us, so that a part of the sky south of it is above instead of below that circle. At the Mauritius Mars at midnight will be nearly overhead. But it is not at midnight that he is to be chiefly observed, but five hours or so before and after midnight. Now at a station north of the equator he would be either very close to the horizon at these hours or actually below the horizon. At stations somewhat south of the equator he will be as well placed as he can be at those hours. The station must not be too far south, for, of course, the farther a place is from the terrestrial equator the smaller the effects of rotation. A person at the equator is carried round nearly twenty-five thousand miles in the twenty-four hours, whereas one in sixty degrees north or south latitude is carried round only half that distance.

It is proposed to apply to government for the sum necessary to meet the expenses of the proposed expedition. These would not be very heavy; in fact, the estimate made by Mr. David Gill, the astronomer who has proffered his services on this occasion, amounts only to £500—a mere nothing compared with the thousands voted for the expeditions to view the late transit of Venus. Lord Lindsay has lent his fine heliometer, already used by Mr. Gill at the Mauritius during the transit, and before and after that event in work well suited to prepare him for observing Mars by the method proposed and with this instrument. Whether government will accede to the request addressed to it remains to be seen. (Possibly the result may be known before this paper appears.) In any case, however, the money is almost certain to be provided, seeing that not only the Astronomical Society as a body, but individual members of it independently, would willingly subscribe the sum, should governmental economy prevent so much being granted for the proposed expedition.

And now let us briefly consider some of the questions of interest, other than the determination of the sun's distance, which

astronomers will deal with during the approaching visit of Mars. In passing I may remark, that we can readily understand why the observations for measuring the sun's distance should be regarded as of chief importance, for all our ideas respecting not merely the dimensions but the physical condition of the planets depend on this fundamental problem of measurement. The greater the scale of the solar system, the larger are all the various portions of planets or their systems brought into view by the telescope, the grander are the processes taking place upon the planets, the vaster the funds of energy possessed by each planet, and by the sun, which vivifies the whole system of planets. It is, however, as an element of the physics of astronomy, not as belonging to practical astronomy, that the problem of the sun's distance has been attacked by astronomers. There is absolutely no practical value whatever in the exactest knowledge of the sun's size and distance.

Mars presents many features of interest. He is, in fact, the planet which we study under most favorable conditions, though in the telescope he does not present so noble an aspect as Jupiter or such remarkable phenomena as Saturn. At the distance of either of those orbs Mars would be utterly insignificant in appearance; indeed, at the greater distance he would be scarce visible without telescopic aid. But we see his small surface on a far greater scale than that of Jupiter or Saturn. It is only the vastness of the cloud masses surrounding those larger planets which enables us to recognize their belts and other atmospheric phenomena. In the case of Mars the features are all much smaller, resembling much more nearly those which exist on our earth. We must remember, therefore, in considering them, that they are not comparable directly with those perceived in the remoter but larger members of the solar system. It is too common a mistake in our books of astronomy to describe the disc of one planet, and afterwards, in similar terms, the disc of another, with pictures similar in size, in such sort as to suggest that a close resemblance exists, when in reality a brief inquiry into the real dimensions would show that features not very dissimilar in appearance must be utterly unlike in real character.

In the first place, as to the dimensions and mass of Mars.

The diameter of Mars has been very variously estimated, some measurements making it less than four thousand miles,

while according to others it exceeds five thousand miles. Probably the true diameter is about forty-four hundred miles, so that his volume is about a sixth part of the earth's. His mass is less in proportion to hers, not amounting to one-eighth of the earth's. On this point we have not such satisfactory evidence as in the case of those planets which have moons. The astronomer can weigh a planet which has moons, or (like Neptune) a single moon, very satisfactorily. We only have to notice how the planet treats its moon, with what energy the planet deflects the moon from the straight path which otherwise the moon would follow, and to compare that action with our earth's action upon her moon, to learn how much more massive or less massive that planet is than our earth. When a planet has no moon we must trust to less satisfactory methods of weighing — methods less satisfactory, at least, in the case of small planets, like Mercury or Mars, for Jupiter's weight has been as satisfactorily determined from the influence he exerts on other planets as from his pull on his own moons. However, Leverrier has so thoroughly worked out the theory of the motions of the planets, that the mass of Mars inferred from these motions may fairly be accepted as not very far from the truth.

Mars is, then, but a miniature of our earth. His density is less than hers, as we might expect from the relative smallness of his mass, and consequently of his power to gather in and condense the material of his globe.

Under telescopic scrutiny Mars presents appearances which seem to indicate some resemblance to our own earth. He is certainly of all the planets the one which has given the most positive direct evidence of resemblance, though Venus, I apprehend, is really more like our earth than he is.

The globe of Mars shows certain dark regions of a faintly greenish or bluish grey tint, which have been long known as the seas of Mars, though it has been but recently that they have been shown by unmistakable evidence to be aqueous. The other parts of his disc are, in the main, of a faintly ruddy hue. Near the edge both the greenish and the ruddy portions are lost to view in a diffused whiteness. At two opposite parts of the globe exceedingly bright white patches are seen. These are found to occupy the regions around the planet's poles. For the dark and ruddy markings are seen to be carried round by a rotational movement, the careful study of which has indicated the posi-



tion of the polar axis. Maraldi, early in the last century, found that the bright white spots or patches changed in shape. As he noted that one of them was diminishing, he inferred that it would eventually disappear. But Sir W. Herschel, later, observed that the two white spots alternate in size, now diminishing and anon increasing. The idea naturally suggested itself to him to compare them to the arctic and antarctic snows of our own earth; and as his observations showed that each increases and diminishes alternately at periods corresponding to the winter and summer of its own hemisphere of Mars (just as our arctic snows increase and diminish in the winter and summer of the northern hemisphere, while the antarctic snows increase and diminish in the winter and summer of the southern hemisphere), he was strengthened in the belief that the spots really are snow-caps. Still, however, not a particle of direct evidence had been obtained to show that they consist of snow, or that the dark markings are oceans. For aught that was then known, as Whewell subsequently pointed out, elements entirely different from those we are familiar with might exist in that distant planet. Similarly with certain whitish cloudlike objects which gathered at times over the dark or ruddy markings, clearing off sometimes in a few hours. These might be ordinary rain-clouds, or they might be caused by temporary snow-falls, or by hoar-frost, or by mist or other phenomena, such as owe their occurrence to the presence of water. But also they might, so far as was certainly known, be due to other elements altogether, and to processes of which we have no terrestrial experience.

It was not until the year 1864 that the existence of water on Mars was demonstrated. There is nothing, to my mind, more remarkable in the history of spectroscopic analysis than this discovery. That it should be possible to assert as confidently that water exists on the planet Mars as though we had been able to procure portions of the Martial seas for analysis in our laboratories is one of the veritable marvels of science. Yet, as with many other marvellous results, the method of discovery is simple. The light of the sun passing through the planet's air falls on the surface of the lands and seas, and is thence reflected, passing once again through the Martial air. Thus the beams of that reflected light which reach our earth have twice passed through the atmosphere of the planet, and may bring as certain information respecting the con-

stitution of that atmosphere as a beam of light which the chemist had caused to pass through some solution might bring to him respecting the nature of that solution. The mere distance which the light has travelled in bringing the message is of no moment, so long as it does not too greatly reduce the intensity of the light. Enough light remaining to form a clearly visible spectrum, this spectrum will indicate, or may indicate, by its nature, the quality of the atmosphere through which it has passed on its way to us. True, it has first to come through our own air, and the news it brings about the Martial air may be more or less intermixed with information about our own air. But if the time of observation be so chosen that the planet is high above our horizon, our air, we know, will very little affect the result; for when the sun is high we see none of those lines in his spectrum which are produced by our own air when he is low down.

Proceeding on this principle, Mr. Huggins, during the opposition of Mars in October 1864, received from the planet's light the following information: "The same vapor exists in the air of Mars which produces what are called the atmospheric lines in the sun's spectrum when the sun is low down." Now these lines are known to be chiefly due to the vapor of water. This has been proved in a variety of ways. Prof. Cooke, for instance, of Cambridge, Mass., demonstrated the fact (I believe he was the first to do so) by ascertaining that these lines are stronger or fainter according as our air is moister or drier. Janssen demonstrated it thus: Having a telescope armed with spectroscope on the Faulhorn in Switzerland, he caused pine fires to be lighted at Geneva, thirteen miles from the Faulhorn, and, observing the spectrum of the flame, found in it the dark lines seen in the spectrum of the setting sun. This, of course, only proved that the dark lines really are caused by our air, though the circumstances were such as to suggest that the aqueous vapor of the air, not the oxygen and hydrogen, produced the lines. To test this point, Janssen made use of an iron cylinder one hundred and eighteen feet long, placed at his disposal by the Paris Gas Company. He forced steam through it until all the air had been driven out, then filled it with steam, and closed both ends by pieces of strong glass. A bright flame (produced by sixteen gas-burners) was then placed at one end, and analyzed by means of a spectroscope placed at the other. The light, after thus travelling through one hundred

and eighteen feet of aqueous vapor, gave a spectrum crossed by groups of dark lines corresponding to those seen in the spectrum of the horizontal sun.

Since, then, these lines are seen in the spectrum of Mars under conditions which show that they are not caused by our own air, it follows certainly that they belong to the air of Mars, and indicate the presence of the same vapor there which in our own air produces these lines—the vapor of water.

But the demonstration of the presence of the vapor of water in the atmosphere of Mars brings with it many interesting conclusions. We need now no longer hesitate to regard the greenish regions as seas, the reddish regions as lands. The bright spots at the poles must now be regarded as veritable snow-caps. (And, in passing, the strange thought is suggested that man, who has thus far proved utterly unable to reach a spot whence his eye can rest on either pole of our earth, has been able to contemplate, though certainly from a remote distance, the ice-bound poles of the planet Mars.) The whitish patches which at times hide the features of the planet may fairly be regarded as due to rain-clouds, though it is not altogether certain that in some cases snow-fall, or hoar-frost, or low-lying mists may not cause these transient peculiarities. The whitish appearance round the edge of the planet has been explained in three different ways: as due to morning and evening mists, as indicating the presence of rounded clouds in the planet's atmosphere (for such clouds would seem to thicken towards the edge in the same way that the scattered summer clouds of our own air seem to aggregate near the horizon), and as due to light snows falling towards eventide and melting in the forenoon. Whatever interpretation we regard as more probable, we must, in any case, admit that the phenomenon belongs to the meteorology of Mars.

In considering the condition of the planet's atmosphere, account must be taken of the fact that even if the quantity of air over each square mile of his surface equals the quantity over each square mile of the earth's, the air of Mars would be much less dense than ours. The attraction of gravity at his surface is little more than a third of terrestrial gravity, and the pressure and density of his air must be correspondingly less. It is, however, a necessary, though somewhat strange consequence of this relation, that the atmosphere of Mars must be much

deeper than ours, at least on the assumption just made as to its quantity. The attraction of our earth doubles atmospheric pressure in every three and a half miles of descent from considerable heights towards the surface of the earth. So that at a height of three and a half miles the pressure is but one-half that at the sea-level; at seven miles, a fourth; at ten and a half, an eighth; at fourteen, a sixteenth; and so on. Now, in the case of Mars, about nine miles of descent are required to double, or nine miles of ascent to halve, the atmospheric pressure. Thus, assuming the same quantity of air above each square mile of surface as in the case of our own earth, whence the atmospheric pressure at the sea-level of Mars would be equal to about seven-eighths that at our sea-level, we find that this pressure would be reduced to one-half at a height of nine miles, to one-fourth at a height of eighteen miles. But a fourth of seven-eighths is nearly a tenth—so that thus, at a height of eighteen miles from the surface of Mars, the atmospheric pressure is still nearly a tenth that at our sea-level, whereas at a height of only fourteen miles from the earth's surface the pressure is reduced to one-sixteenth only of the sea-level pressure. And we obtain a similar result even if we assume (which, by the way, is far more probable than the assumption made above) that the quantity of Martial air is proportioned to his mass, in which case the quantity above each square mile of his surface would be less than a third the quantity above each square mile of the earth's surface, and the pressure reduced to about a ninth. For, proceeding as before, we easily find that at a height of twenty-eight miles our air is reduced in density to 1-256th of its sea-level density, whereas at a height of twenty-seven miles above the surface of Mars, the density on this our second assumption would be an eighth of a ninth part, or 1-72nd of the sea-level density of our atmosphere. It is strange to reflect that *ceteris paribus* the smaller planets have the most widely extending air, while it would be to Jupiter and Saturn that we should have to look for shallow but very dense atmospheric envelopes, did not the intense heat of their globes expand the air enormously, and prevent the compression which otherwise it must experience.

The same reasons which render it probable that the atmosphere of Mars is proportioned to the planet's mass suggest that the same holds with the water on the

planet's surface. In this case, assuming (which, however, is extremely improbable) that the planet is in the same stage of development as the earth, the oceans and seas would be much smaller in relative extent than those of our own earth. For the mass of the planet is but about the eighth of our earth's, whereas the surface is nearer a third than a quarter of the earth's. With one-eighth the quantity of water distributed over even only a quarter of the surface, there would be only half as much water per square mile, and consequently the surface of Mars would shew seas and oceans smaller in proportion to the planet's size than the seas and oceans of our earth. We must add to this the probability that the planet is relatively much older than the earth; for, being smaller, all the stages of its development would last a shorter time, and therefore it would have passed through more of them by this time. There are reasons for believing that as a planet grows old it dries up; not that the quantity of water actually diminishes, but that it is gradually withdrawn into the planet's interior. We see the final, or at least a very late stage of this process, in the case of our moon, which, being much smaller even than Mars, is a yet older world. Venus, our earth's sister world, seems to be in much the same condition that she is, if one may judge from the evidence obtained as to the condition of her atmosphere, which certainly is not less extensive or less humid in general than our earth's. Mars, intermediate to the moon and earth in age, seems intermediate in condition also, having seas and oceans, whereas the moon has none, but seas and oceans much less extensive than those of our earth.

Considerable interest will attach to the observations to be made next August and September on the lands and seas of Mars. These have been charted, first by Sir W. Herschel, then by Mädler, next by Kaiser, and lastly by myself. My chart, based chiefly on observations made by the late Mr. Dawes, sometimes called the "eagle-eyed Dawes," contains more detail than the others, and is, I believe, the first which has been successfully employed to determine beforehand the appearance of the planet. In the spring of 1873 I published a series of views of Mars as she would appear if the chart were correctly laid down, during the summer of that year. Several of these views agreed so closely with the truth, that telescopists stated that the pictures, drawn months before, might have been made at the telescope, so closely

did they accord with the aspect of the planet. Other views showed less exact agreement, and, in particular, certain features showed themselves in one part of the planet which indicated that Mr. Dawes's study of that region must have been conducted when Martian clouds concealed some of its more marked features. Dr. Terby, of Louvain, has carefully examined a great number of views of the planet, noting features which differ from some of those in my chart, and raising certain questions as to the conformation of the Martian lands and seas. Some of these, we may well believe, will be resolved by astronomers during the approaching opposition. I may remark, that I altogether agree with Dr. Terby in thinking that some at least of the parts of my chart to which we refer will have to undergo alteration when more complete surveys have been made. In fact, most of these parts are only drawn in on my chart with dotted lines, because of my own recognition of the doubtful nature of the evidence. In passing, I may note, that M. Flammarion has summarily settled the whole matter by effecting all the alterations which Dr. Terby thought might *perhaps* have to be made, and publishing the chart so altered as his own (after also altering most of the names): a proceeding which roused Dr. Terby to make a somewhat lively reclamation, justified, I think, by the facts of the case.

Lastly, it is probable that observations will be made during the planet's approaching visit by which the period of rotation of Mars may be freshly tested, though I may be permitted to doubt whether any correction will be made either next autumn or for many years yet to come in my determination of the length of the Martian day as twenty-four hours thirty-seven minutes twenty-two seconds and seven-tenths of a second; for the timing of a planet's rotation is not to be effected by the observations of a few months, however accurate they may be, but by combining together observations ranging over a great number of years. Sir W. Herschel made an error of two full minutes in his estimate based on observations covering two years. Mädler, taking observations ranging over the oppositions between the years 1830 and 1837, deduced for the Martian day twenty-four hours thirty-seven minutes twenty-three seconds eight-tenths, which was a very close approach for so limited a range of observation. I was not aware, when in 1867 I attacked the problem and brought together the entire series of observations

between 1666 and 1867, that Kaiser, of Leyden, had a year or two before undertaken the same task. My result differed from his by one-tenth of a second, which was a serious matter! For when, as in this case, nearly ninety thousand rotations of the planet were taken into account, one-tenth of a second for each gave nearly nine thousand seconds, or two and a half hours, for the actual difference in the two centuries. It appeared, however, that Kaiser had counted two days too many in the interval, having probably counted the years 1700 and 1800 as leap years, and the consequent correction (the difference between two of our days and two Martian days) brought our calculations nearly into agreement. I had called the rotation period twenty-four hours, thirty-seven minutes, twenty-two seconds and seventy-

three hundredths, whereas his value gave sixty-two hundredths, and when corrected sixty-nine hundredths. After the re-examination to which I had had to subject the entire question, I felt satisfied that the hundredths could not yet be trusted. But the value twenty-four hours, thirty-seven minutes, twenty-two seconds and seven-tenths is not, I venture to assert, in error by so much as one-twentieth part of a second. Thus one planet at least has been timed and rated; and should our earth, as astronomers opine, be slowly losing its rotation-spin owing to the retarding action of the tidal wave, or from whatever cause, we have in the tideless Mars a celestial timepiece, which a few hundreds of years hence may afford direct external evidence of that process of change.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

SOME interesting observations on the habits of the inhabitants of the Andaman Islands by Surgeon-Major Hodder appear in the appendix to the report of the Army Medical Department for 1875, just issued. The account given of these people, though not on the whole unfavorable, does not leave the impression that they form a pleasant society, or that the islands are a desirable place of residence. With the exception of a considerable variety of birds, there is a great deficiency of animal life — wild pigs and cats are nearly all that are known or believed to exist. Insects, lizards, and snakes are, however, common. The aborigines are not cannibals, as reported, and indignantly deny the imputation, nor are they, as has been stated, deformed and hideous, though not exactly prepossessing in appearance. In height they vary from 4 ft. 9 in. to 5 ft. 1 in.; they are extremely black, more so than the African negro, and some of them have "a dull, leaden hue like that of a black-leaded stove." They are fond of dancing, have a strong sense of the ridiculous, are exceedingly passionate, and easily aroused by trifles, when their appearance becomes diabolical. The men wear no clothing, and the women very little. They cover their bodies with red earth, and as ornaments wear strings of their ancestors' bones round their necks, or a skull slung in a basket over their shoulders. They are tattooed all over their bodies, their heads are shaven, with the exception of a narrow streak from the crown to the nape of the neck. They rarely have eyebrows, beard, moustache, whiskers, or eyelashes, and are very fond of liquor and smoking. They are short-lived and not healthy, not many passing forty years of age. Their language consists

of few words, and these sound harsh and explosive, and are principally monosyllables. Their chief amusement, and indeed nearly their only one, is dancing, a monotonous song, and the music of a rough skin drum, which they play by stamping on it with their feet. Their method of courtship and marriage has the merit of simplicity. The youth who is a candidate eats a certain kind of ray-fish, which gives him the appellation of *goo-ma*, or "bachelor desirous of marrying." The girls who are marriageable wear a certain kind of flower. The ceremony consists in the pair about to be married sitting down apart from the others and staring at one another in silence. Towards evening the girl's father or guardian joins the hands of the pair; they then retire and live alone in the jungle for some days. The islanders make nothing but canoes, bows, arrows, spears, and nets, and these are necessary to supply them with their daily food. On the first establishment of the penal settlement in the Andamans their favorite occupation was murdering the convicts and taking their irons for arrow-heads; but they gradually gave up this objectionable practice, and now within a radius of ten or fifteen miles from the settlement stragglers are as a rule safe from attack, though beyond this radius Europeans, except in sufficient numbers and with arms for protection, would probably be roughly handled. Of late years "homes" have been established for the Andamanese consisting of large bamboo sheds, in which those who come in from the jungle put up, coming and going at will. They seem, however, to prefer the jungle, and the attempts made to cultivate their acquaintance do not appear to have been crowned with success.

Fall Mall Budget.